

# The TATLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1493.

London, February 5, 1930

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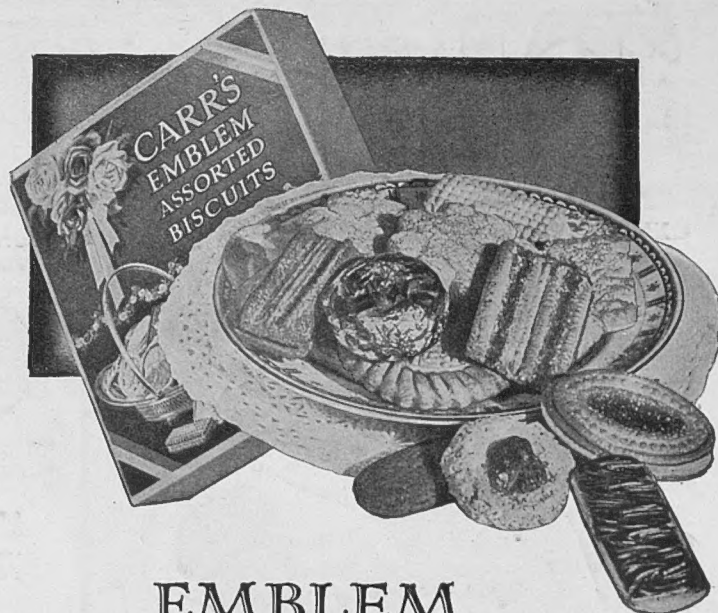
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# The TATLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1493

London, February 5, 1930

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Price One Shilling.



## H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH

Some quite new portraits of two people in whom the whole British Empire unites in taking pride. From the moment when in 1923 she married Their Majesties' second son, the Duchess of York has charmed all hearts with her gracious friendliness and her world-famous smile. Entrancing little Princess Elizabeth, whose resemblance to the Queen has lately become very marked, will be four years old on April 21. We take this opportunity of respectfully wishing her the happiest of birthdays

*Photographs by Marcus Adams, Dover Street*





LADY BEAUMONT, THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT, AND MISS BURNS-HARTOPP

At the Nottingham 'Chases last week, the day so many of the Grand National horses were so severely defeated by Don Sancho, who is not engaged, but is an ex-winner of the Irish National. Lady Beaumont and the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, who was formerly the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, are sisters. Miss Burns-Hartopp is a daughter of the famous former Master of the Quorn, Lieut.-Colonel Burns-Hartopp (1898-1905)

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

**D**EAREST,—Some of the gloomiest of the weather prophets have been predicting rather more unpleasant things than they usually do for this much-maligned month. That is, worse gales than we have already had just lately and even intenser cold than we suffered last year. Poor February, one can hardly blame her if she does provide all that and more. For so long she has not only tried but succeeded in being one of the most delightful of months, with still sunny days and more than a promise of spring. But hardly anyone has ever given her credit for it. In fact the population in general takes her badness as a matter of course, and those who can, try to escape her by leaving England. So naturally she shows her resentment.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. G. LOWTHER, M.F.H., MAJOR GUY PAGET, AND THE HON. MRS. J. G. LOWTHER

At the recent Pytchley fixture at Sulby Hall, Major Guy Paget's seat near Rugby. Colonel Lowther has been a Pytchley Master since 1923, first joint with his brother, Sir Charles Lowther, and since 1927 with Mr. Ronald Tree as his partner. The Pytchley are right on the top of their form and the outstanding feature is the success in the wire and stopping departments

## The Letters of Eve



SIR KEITH FRASER AND LADY WODEHOUSE

Another Nottingham Chases snapshot on the same day. Sir Keith Fraser owns the Grand National horse Ardeen, who is again entered for the big 'chase, his fourth. He fell in last year's National, so let's hope he will have better luck this. Lady Wodehouse is Lord Wodehouse's charming wife

**T**he year 1930 is certainly distinguishing itself for romantic thrills and excitements. For, starting with that wonderful royal wedding in Rome, it looks as though it might continue with two more, since there are rumours that King Boris of Bulgaria is engaged to the daughter of the Grand Duke Cyril, and that Princess Ileana of Rumania is going to marry the very attractive son of Princess Pless, Count Hochberg. However, both these royal persons have been the victims of engagement rumours more than once before now. The sudden secret wedding, too, of Lady Seafield and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert seemed a fitting ending to the suddenness and the contradictions about their engagement. Actually they were engaged on Christmas Day. But I fancy that their decision to get married in London the other day was really a sudden idea, for they had originally made plans to go up, duly chaperoned by one or two friends, to Cullen at the end of last week. Now

it only remains for the Duke of Westminster and Miss Loelia Ponsonby to surprise us with the announcement that they have got married, which may quite likely occur before this letter appears in print.

London is, officially, rather empty just now; but I must admit that one doesn't see many signs of emptiness, in spite of the boat trains that depart, crowded with passengers, in search of sunshine. All the usual haunts seem pretty full in fact, and mothers with young daughters are already arriving in force for the early spring offensive, which is the traditional preparation for the Season. How will this year's batch of debutantes compare with last, I wonder? Lord and Lady Lansdowne have already started to entertain down at Bowood for their daughter Lady Katherine—who is one of the Season's buds—for they gave a dance there a few nights ago. Another debutante will be Lady Patricia Moore, Madame de Landa's clever and attractive young daughter. There have been faint rumours of the impending engagement of her brother, Lord Moore, to the tall and attractive daughter of a distinguished and handsome father and a very charming and brilliant mother. Congratulations, by the way, to Lady Mollie Taylour and Mr. Henry Tiarks, whose engagement has just been announced.

When so many people are either going away or wishing that they could go, it is refreshing to meet others who have returned after a long absence and are really thrilled to be here. I met two of them within half-an-hour one day last week. One was



LORD AND LADY WILLINGDON  
IN THE BAHAMAS

A group taken on the occasion of the official visit of Lord and Lady Willingdon to Nassau, Bahamas, at the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel. The names, left to right, are: Captain Miefeld, Lady Willingdon, H.E. Sir Charles Orr, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Bahamas, Lord Willingdon, Governor-General of Canada, the Hon. Mrs. Chas. Dundas, the Hon. Chas. Dundas, O.B.E.; in rear—Captain Fiennes, Captain S. Y. Symons, M.C., and Captain Streatfield



SKATING CELEBRITIES AT MÜRREN

A skating tableau by (centre) Mr. Leslie White, winner of the Lytton International Skating Cup; (left) Miss Howard Stepney, daughter of Lady Howard Stepney, who was second for the Cup; (right) Miss MacKinnon, who took third place. Lady Howard Stepney married Sir Stafford Howard, who took the additional name of Stepney by Royal licence

beauty from both sides, for their mother was one of the lovely Drummond sisters.



THE HON. ELIZABETH GROSVENOR

A snapshot last week at Red Heath, Rickmansworth, her father's seat. The Hon. Elizabeth Grosvenor is Lord and Lady Ebury's only daughter

January's last week-end gave us a pretty mixed assortment of weather, but Kempton was certainly lucky in getting two glorious days for its meeting. A meeting which was brightened by the gallant Gib's seventh successive win. There were not an enormous number of people, and I noticed comparatively few even of the hardy regulars. But among them were Lady Chesham, looking extremely neat in a coat and skirt, Miss Teddie Gerard, whom I have not often seen racing before, and some members of the large McAlpine family. That is Sir Malcolm with his son Robin, just back laden with cups from Wengen, who had come to see his horse, Slaney, run in the Brentford Hurdle Race. And his sister, Baroness de Belabre and her daughter Yolande, just back from Mürren with a twisted knee, who sailed for Algiers last Friday. Their homeward journey is to consist of a tour through southern Spain, followed by some weeks at Biarritz, which all sounds very attractive.

Mrs. Hague Cook was another person whom I found at Kempton. Though she has a box every year at Epsom, and goes nearly always to the York and Doncaster meetings, she could hardly be described as a racing regular.

(Continued on p. 234)

## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

However she knows more than most of us about the anatomy of the horse, for she is a great artist in her way, and has just finished the most lovely needlework pictures of



MR. CHRISTOPHER AND LADY BARBARA GORE

Who were married yesterday (February 4). The bride is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Eglinton and was formerly Lady Barbara Montgomerie. Mr. Christopher Gore is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Gore and Lady Constance Gore, who is a sister of Lord Sondes

aunt of the present one, who had a nasty crash in Switzerland a week or two ago. His place, Rood Ashton, is to be put up for auction by the way. Mrs. Bryan Bibby, who runs her own pack of hounds, the North Shropshire, and has a stable of over fifty horses up at Sansaw, was widowed only a short time ago. And Lady Codrington's husband, Sir Christopher, succeeded his father only recently. They have inherited that huge place, Doddington, in the Beaufort country, and a smaller one which has the enchanting name of Old Hundred. Doddington is still to let, and they will shortly be moving into the other. Meanwhile, during the necessary preparations they are joining the general rush to the West Indies. For the world is going out there in boatloads, among the latest to depart being Lady Fitzwilliam and her only son, Lord Milton, Lady Jellicoe and her daughter, Lady Norah, and Lord Tredegar with his son and daughter-in-law, the Evan Morgans. We have lately been reading Mr. Morgan's latest book of poems, "The City of Canals." Perhaps the West Indies will inspire him to fresh efforts.

However I can't help thinking that Spain is the country I should choose to go to just now, notwithstanding the suggestion of trouble out there. Or, possibly, the Isles of the Blest, which sound so full of promise, and where Lord and Lady Decies are going for a six-weeks' trip. Lord Carisbrooke is home again now after his visit to Spain, but he has left Lady Carisbrooke behind. For she is to stay on there for another month to complete her recovery after her long illness. Lord and Lady Islington are in Spain now for some weeks too. One envies Lord and Lady Bute their lovely place just outside Algeciras, where life at the moment is much livened up by the presence of the Fleet at Gibraltar.

some of the most famous race-horses. They are exact reproductions of prints, lettering and all, and are perhaps the most fascinating of all the beautiful needlework to be found in her house in Great Cumberland Place. Mrs. Hague Cook, as most people know, is the mother of those three dark and attractive young women, Mrs. Eric Long, Lady Codrington, and Mrs. Bryan Bibby.

Mrs. Eric Long married the late Lord Long's younger son, one of the Conservative M.P.s, and is therefore the

It was good to see and hear Benno Moiseiwitsch at the Wigmore Hall again after his two years' absence, and some of the Japanese delegates to the Naval Conference were obviously enthralled by his playing of Bach and Beethoven, who were the two composers chosen for the first of his four recitals. He was tremendously applauded after the Bach Fantasia and Fugue. There is plenty of work in them for the left hand, and Benno's left hand is one of his many strong points. It seems rather astonishing that in these days when one rushes from one thing to another with hardly time to finish a sentence, either talking, writing, or reading, one can sit quietly and really enjoy the works of these men who used to worry a simple theme into a myriad variations, each one more precise and finished than the last. Percy Grainger says in his little book of maxims, "All repetition is a form of mental laziness." I wonder. However the fact remains that Bach's particular form of mental laziness has stood the test of two centuries. What a house his must have been, with eleven sons, and all of them musicians. By the way, Moiseiwitsch is playing *Carnaval* at his Schumann recital on Saturday, and the four ballades are included in his Chopin programme next Wednesday.

Congratulations to Mrs. C. B. Cochran on the success of her enterprise in putting on the all-woman show, *Nine Till Six*, which had such a good first night at the Apollo last Wednesday. Sixteen women without a single man in the cast! But it is clever and amusing and rather original. And considering how little there is in it, one is surprised afterwards to find that one has laughed through three whole acts. It might so easily have dropped into melodrama, with its digs at paying out thoughtless superiors, but it doesn't. And Louise Hampton, with her superb acting, keeps the play up to the frivolous level that most of us only can understand and all of us copy. C. B. and Mrs. Cochran had a party in their box, and Vi Loraine, wrapped

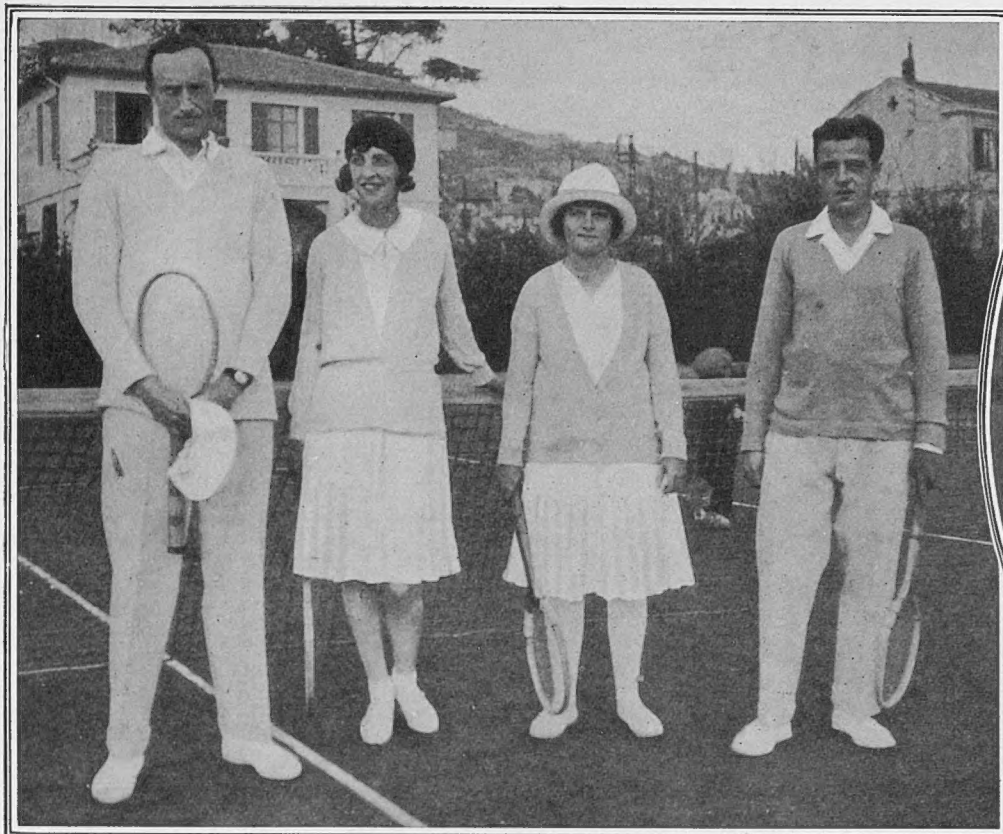
in a chin-chilla cape, was in another, while Lord Portarlington Sir Seftor Brancker and Rex Evans were among the many men in the audience who counter-balanced the deficiencies of those in the cast. Still another woman, Auriol Lee, who possesses the most lovely real violet eyes, produced the play. Her education was somewhat unusual for she was the only girl at a boys' school, where she made good to the extent of being made captain of the second cricket eleven.—Yours, EVE.



LORD AND LADY DECIES

Aboard the Canadian Pacific liner "Duchess of Richmond," en route for a six weeks' cruise to the Isles of the Blest and Africa. Lord Decies occupies a special niche in the affections of the public as he is head of the Income Tax Payers' Society and the protector of the unduly oppressed. In his youth (in the 7th Hussars) he was a light-weight gentleman rider—and a very good one at that

# ILLUSTRATED ACTIVITIES



PARTICIPANTS IN THE CANNES TENNIS TOURNAMENT: LORD CHARLES HOPE, MISS PETCHELL, PRINCESS PIA, AND PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS

D. Stuart



DEEDS NOT WORDS: SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW THREATENS SIR C. MANDLEBERG



THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON

Arthur Owen



IN HYDE PARK: SIR ARCHIBALD WEIGALL AND THE DUKE OF RICHMOND



SIR JAMES AND LADY NELSON HUNTING ON FOOT IN GALWAY

Vyvyan Poole

With scenes laid in the South of France, London, and the West of Ireland, the camera presents here its latest version of the way of the world. Lord Charles Hope is generally to be found on the Riviera tennis courts at this time of year, and in a recent Cannes tournament he and Miss Petchell beat that promising young couple, Princess Pia and Prince Henri of Orleans. The latter not long ago annexed the men's handicap singles. Sir Montague Barlow and Sir Charles Mandleberg have been playing a lot of golf at Mandelieu, and possibly when they were photographed the ex-chairman of Sotheby's was contemplating reprisals after a knock-out blow on the eighteenth green. Two of London's most popular young personalities are the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, who were married a few months ago. Lord Haddington's brother is the member for Bath, and a very conscientious politician. Sir Archibald Weigall and the Duke of Richmond were casting a critical eye over the equestrian occupants of the Row one morning last week, and Sir James and Lady Nelson were exercising their feet in pursuit of the County Galway Hounds when they encountered the camera. Sir James has taken a hunting box at Claregalway, in the best part of the Blazers' country

# The Cinema :

By JAMES AGATE  
A Relapse

I HAVE had an enchanting letter from what is obviously an enchanting place, Naboomspruit, Transvaal, South Africa. My correspondent thinks I will be interested to hear what he terms a colonial opinion of British talkies. I am interested. And the letter presents such a novel point of view that I think that readers of THE TATLER must be interested also. My unknown correspondent writes:—

I have just returned from a short holiday in Johannesburg, during which I visited a presentation of the film, *Blackmail*. Having read your criticism of this film I went prepared to scoff. But I am bound to admit that I stayed to praise. Within a few minutes of the commencement of the film I was transported 6,000 miles, and for an hour and a half was actually in London and enjoying every minute of it. To hear the page-boy at the Corner House saying, "Full up on this floor, plenty of room upstairs," as he has so often said to me, was itself worth the price of admission. This, of course, would mean nothing to you who can go and hear it said every day of the week if you want to. But out here it makes an enormous difference to the realism of the film, as did other things, such as the tinkle of the bell on the shop-door (never heard here), the incidental noises in the Tube, and so forth. The effect of all this was to annihilate the space between here and London, and it gave me more pleasure than any cinematographic entertainment I have ever witnessed in this country. This effect of reality was never obtained with the silent film, and is comparable to my mind to the difference between a "flat" photograph and one seen through a stereoscope.

As to the "tinned music," this is distinctly gramophonic, but nevertheless gave me more pleasure on account of the quality of its performance than any local orchestra would have done. Here again, you can enjoy the best orchestras of London whenever you like, but we must be content to hear our music through a gramophone, and I would infinitely prefer to hear tinned music from London than the best fresh product of Johannesburg.

This then is the value of the British talkie to us whose hearts are at home, and who are therefore for ever strangers in a foreign land—it provides the Magic Carpet that takes us, for a short space, back to England, and does so in a manner that was not, and never could be, done by the silent film. I make no criticism of the merits of the film-play, but simply wish to say that, from the point of view of one who is unable to be in touch with the real thing, the British talkie is a sheer delight. While I was in Johannesburg there were two or three American talkies being shown, from which I purposely stayed away so as not to spoil the excellent impression which *Blackmail* had made upon me, and also because I have no ambition to hear the American language spoken.

This letter speaks for itself, and I have no comments to make except that I do not remember having written about the film to which my correspondent alludes. I think I should like to add that the envelope containing the letter bore the name of a firm of solicitors. This being so, I refrained from opening it for two days, what time I wondered shiveringly what Transvaal film-star I might have libelled. May I beg all solicitors writing letters not containing the mystic phrase which begins with "Unless" and ends by saying something about their costs—may I beg any members of the legal profession desiring to communicate with me on æsthetic matters to mark their letters, "Personal and Not Urgent"?

Readers may remember that last week I called my article, "Towards Conversion," the conversion in question being to the

talkies. This week I have headed my article, "A Relapse," the relapse in question being occasioned by a private showing of *Marianne*, now being presented at the Empire. This talking-picture at once to my mind de-pedestals Miss Marion Davies, whom I had always regarded as a comedienne of great wit and ability. It has always been said about dramatic critics, and I do not see why it should not also be said about film-critics, that they are unable to distinguish between bad material and a bad performance. Disregarding Miss Davies therefore for the moment, let me say that *Marianne*, described as a war comedy, is one of the worst films on any subject that I have seen during the last ten years. Such plot as it has is entirely footling. The scene is the American lines just after the Armistice; and Marianne, who has promised to be faithful to her French *poilu*, is courted by an American hick, hay-seed, or rube, duly equipped with a ukelele, banjo, or other instrument of torture on which he thrums the usual theme song in the nasal tones beloved of the jazz bands' occasional singers. Marianne, who is of course the daughter of the farm on which the Americans are billeted, is

called upon to provide dinner for the General, and for this dinner she must sacrifice the little pig which is the playmate of her adopted children. Marianne stoutly refuses to sell this animal, but is persuaded to the sacrifice by the lieutenant's offer of 200 francs. After which she weeps, and the amorous hick is duly persuaded that what Marianne has sold is not the pig but her virgin affections. The unfolding of this extraordinary nonsense went on interminably, and those who know anything about American bathos will not need any assurance that the depths of this sad commodity were profoundly explored. The hick threatening to assault the lieutenant was put in prison, whereupon Marianne, impersonating a French officer by means of a false moustache, attempted to inveigle the General! But I shall not pursue the story further. Miss Davies disenchanted me completely. She spoke throughout in a half-raucous voice, and her assumption of broken

French was the clumsiest I have ever heard, clumsier even than her occasional assumption of the French language proper. The production and photography were both, I thought, miserable. Towards the end of the film Miss Davies was persuaded by the soldiers assembled in the farmyard to mount a table and give an impersonation of Maurice Chevalier, at which I think that charming singer would have been wildly amazed. The impersonation was encored and one of Sarah Bernhardt substituted, in the middle of which I fled, preferring the elegances of Seven Dials. But I do not insist upon my opinion in this matter. Miss Davies has spoken and I have spoken. It is for the public to judge.

And now, turning to more refreshing matters, let me recommend, without reservation, the film called *Disraeli* at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Mr. George Arliss is an extremely accomplished actor who learned his job playing in serious plays with such great artists as Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Fiske. He is not new to the rôle of Disraeli, since nearly twenty years ago he appeared in the title-rôle in Louis N. Parker's play of that name and in that guise toured America. His present performance arouses much interest, as does the film. Both rightly.



MISS ELSA LANCHESTER AND MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON IN "COMETS"

The new British film, "Comets," has just been completed by the Alpha Films at their Twickenham Studios. The date of the release has not yet been announced. Mr. Charles Laughton is at the moment playing in the revival of "French Leave"



1912: A SCENE FROM ACT III

Above: Allan Jeayes as Sir John Rhead, Joan Harben as the Hon Muriel Pym, and Emmie Arthur-Williams as Lady Rhead.  
Right: John Rhead (Allan Jeayes) proposes to Rose Sibley (Emmie Arthur-Williams)



IN ACT I: A COURTSHIP OF 1860



1885: ROMANCE IN ACT II

Above: Dorothy Cheston as Emily Rhead, and Ion Swinley as Arthur Preece.

Right: Allan Jeayes, Viola Lyel (Rose Rhead), Emmie Arthur-Williams, Clare Eames (Gertrude Rhead), and Oliver Johnston (Sam Sibley)



"EVERYBODY WELL HERE?" THE SIBLEYS VISIT THE RHEADS IN 1885

In "Milestones," first produced in London in 1912 and revived last week at the Criterion Theatre, Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblock prove that the commonplace can be both dramatic and absorbingly interesting. The story concerns itself with the family life of successive generations of Rheads and Sibleys, who in their reactions to the passing of time remain true to type by repeating in varying degrees the mistakes of their forbears. "Milestones" covers a period of fifty-two years, and the evolution of Fashion, from 1860 to 1912, is in itself a delight. Allan Jeayes plays the part of John Rhead—first young and enterprising, then the strong-minded and successful father, and finally the aged grandfather—quite brilliantly, and Emmie Arthur-Williams is admirable as his wife. Clare Eames, the American actress who played with Gladys Cooper in "The Sacred Flame," gives another outstanding performance as Gertrude Rhead, whose broken engagement leaves her a regretful old maid

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

## FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

## From Leicestershire

PROBABLY throughout Leicestershire last week was the best week's sport for some years, culminating in a Saturday on which all three packs swore they had the best day. Our best congratulations and thanks to "Charles" for the wonderful sport he has shown us, more particularly as much of the time he was not only not feeling his best but in pain besides. It takes a more than usual man to hunt hounds at his weight in Leicestershire. Two gentlemen on the Wednesday performed the slow motion catherine wheel act without doing more than benefiting Mr. Lock. It is thought that they buy their hats by the "nest," and get a rebate on the used ones as accordions. On Friday the Quorn, after a morning round the bogs and mountains between John o' Gaunt and Lord Morton's, ran very fast from Adam's Gorse, past Burrough Wood, Little Dalby, and Leesthorpe, with only two gallant men in attendance. An anxious moment for the people in the gateway above the gorse when the wild Irishman charged the rails six foot from the gate. One swerve and he killed six; keep straight and would the panel give? At the pace jumping was out of the question, and the panel gave. Saturday the Cottesmore had three smashing hunts, killing one fox and being defrauded of another by a rabbit-hole after a check-less thirty-five minutes' best pace. Not a foot of plough, not a strand of wire, and hounds running hard over a sea of grass all day. What more can one want? On the other side hounds ran for an hour in the morning and again in the afternoon over the cream of the Belvoir Vale, and up till late weary-looking horses were dragging back into Melton. Antiphlogistine ordinary shares should be up a shilling or two by the end of this very open season, and every establishment on Sunday was swimming in arnica. There is an element of humour about the book on the world's sportsmen with regard to which a gentleman is visiting most of the residents for information as to their sporting proclivities. The chief test of a sportsman has ever been to be a good loser, and this as the highest, final, and indeed only qualification, has necessarily to be proved by dropping no less than £70 before the standard for inclusion has been reached. This dizzy pinnacle has been scaled we are glad to hear. We all get older every day, but it came as a shock to hear a blade like Harry referred to as the "elderly grey-haired gentleman," when his Galvaine mark has only just started. Apologies are due.

## From the Beaufort

Our vacation over, we resumed with Tom, who scored the best hunt of the season on the Swallett's Gate day from Miles' Gorse to kill at Swindon, with slight assistance in the way of country from a neighbouring hunt, also six couples of hounds and a few of their followers. Tuesday's Knockdown meet had to be postponed through fog to Wednesday. Most unlucky for the schoolboys, who were looking forward so much to their last hunt. Next day when they did hunt from there much time was spent in the "Silkoretum." Later in the day Lady Blanche with her retinue of "Buchanans" appeared to know all the Sherston foxes by name already and produced them at will. The young entry from Berkeley Road shows great promise. On Friday, from Foghill our friend of five weeks ago must have had a previous engagement and was away from home. We hope Lady Avice's good horse was not as bad as was at first feared. The Bowood dance took us back to pre-War days. Nothing

of its calibre has been seen in these parts since then. Everything was done *en prince*, and the judicious mixture of strangers and locals made for the success of the party. A large gathering on Saturday at Sevington included several distinguished visitors, among whom were Hugh Lloyd Thomas, Lady Lettice Lygon, the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, Mr. R. Cotterell, and "India Pale Ale." The morning was disappointing, redeemed by a capital figure-of-eight hunt later. What of the ten thrusters who were confronted by the iron railings and all got over except Bingo who tried to vault them but his hand slipped. Tuesday from Newton Lodge was a poor day, scent nil, foxes twisty, and going awful. Marjorie, still suffering from the locomotive's complaint contracted Saturday evening, chose a soft and muddy gateway to sit down in. There is evidence of the long-lost party spirit returning to Beaufortshire.

## From Warwickshire

Foxes were plentiful on Monday when hounds met at Whimstone Bridge, but the going was indescribable, water-logged rides and mud up to knees and hocks—no wonder that in the past few days grief has been fairly general. A dreary wait while spade-work was in progress got enlivened by Frank tit-upping about on Peter's pony, a true reversal of the pea on the drum! Norman cracked his cranium, while the "Free Stater" got laid out with three broken ribs during the little hunt from Brick Hill Gorse, which occurred late in the afternoon and redeemed this particular fixture from being what the Dog's diary calls "a durn dull day." Winnie is again in temporary residence at Walton Hall and has not yet been followed by Jack Frost according to custom. The Admiral is unfortunately still reported missing, and his stud under the malevolent influence of wear and tear, while an extraordinary quiet has settled down upon the field because—with final joys and farewell tears—the youngsters are gone back to school! Thursday was a real day of misfortune; the bitches got away from Ufton Wood immediately on a burning scent at racing pace, and crossing the canal, pushed their fox through Print Wood and back to Ufton again, which was quite a nice gallop. But upon their return a second fox was found who kept the pack woodland hunting so busily that it was an hour-and-a-half before they had him dead-

beat and killed. Very tantalising thus to spend the only day of the week which had produced a scent, while to make matters worse, when the woods were at length left behind, all the favourite coverts were blank and there was nothing for it but the gloomy mandate, "Home!"

## From the Belvoir

We have had another first-class week's sport, the Master hunting hounds all four days. On Tuesday there were several nice hunts round Barketstone and the Spellar. On Wednesday, after a moderate hunt from Clawson Thorns, the bitches ran beautifully from Marshall's Spinney over a perfect line between Scaford and the railway, nearly to Harby Hill, and marked to ground. The gentleman who tackled the big bullfinch and lost his hat, and when he looked round for it saw three on the ground, thought he had been to one hunt ball too many. Friday and Saturday were both red-letter days. On Friday the dog pack got away from Ropsley Rise with a hardy old traveller and scored a magnificent hunt with an eight-mile point right over the cream of the country. There was only one short check

(Continued on p. iv)

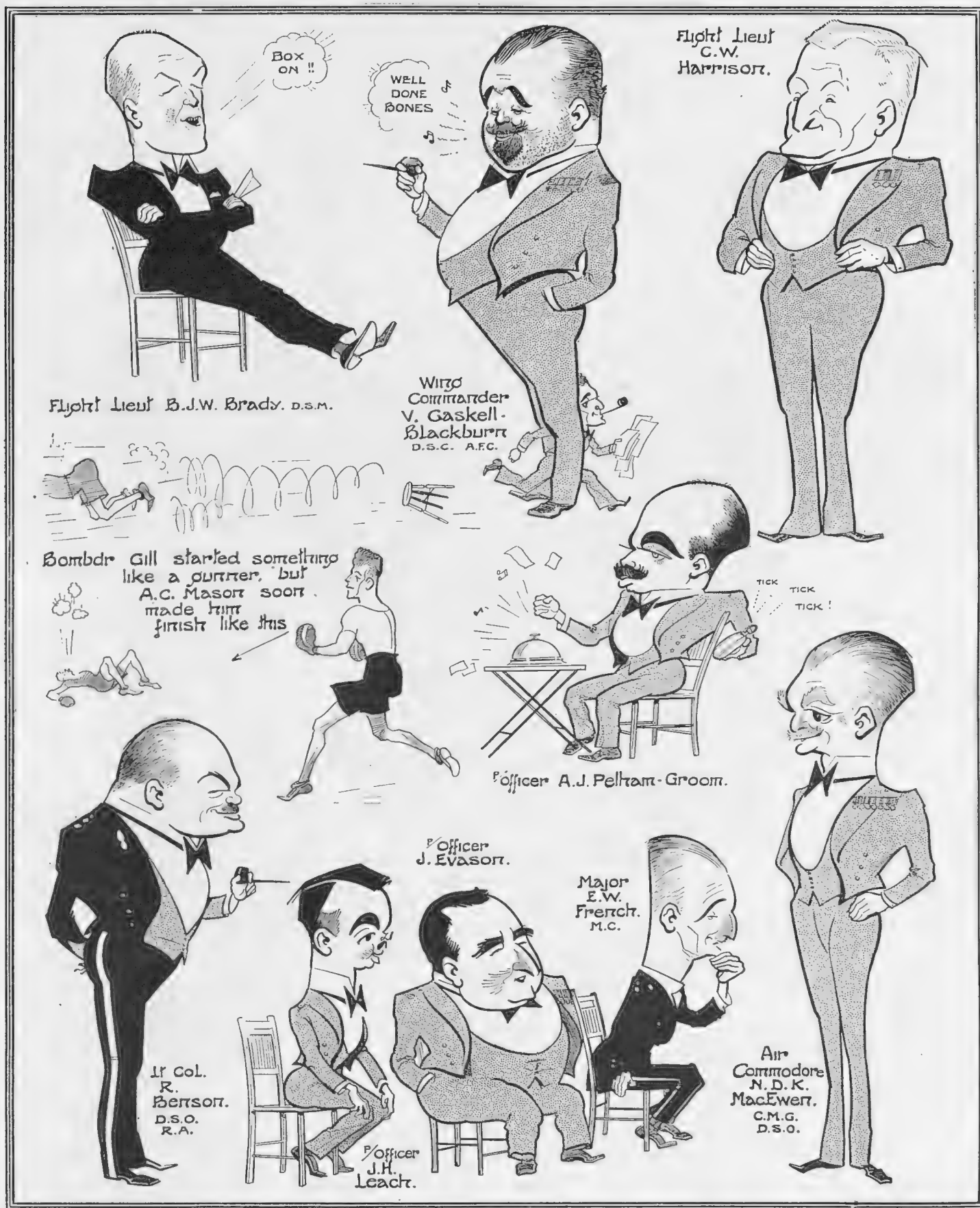


WITH THE LIMERICK

Vyvyan Poole, Dublin

The day they met at Lord Clarina's seat, Elm Park. Telling off from the left of the picture: Miss B. Johnson, Colonel F. Blacker, Mrs. Blacker, and Mr. A. P. Pollok, the Joint Master, who carries the horn, and is an ex-Master of the Waterford and the Tipperary. Colonel Blacker is an ex-Master of the Kildare

# THE FLIERS BEAT THE GUNS AT BOXING



## AMONGST THOSE AT THE RINGSIDE—BY FRED MAY

The Royal Air Force (Larkhill), Salisbury Plain, beat a combined team of the Royal Artillery from the 2nd Field Brigade, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel R. Benson, D.S.O., and the 3rd Medium Brigade, in a good night's boxing tournament at Salisbury. The honours went to the R.A.F., although they had to fight the whole way. Air-Commodore N. D. K. MacEwen is O.C. the 22nd Group, in which is stationed the R.A.F. School of Balloon Training, commanded by Wing-Commander V. Gaskell Blackburn, and he distributed the prizes. The tournament was held at the Victoria Hall, Salisbury, and was in aid of the Salisbury General Infirmary



M. ISIDORE DE LARA

The well-known composer, whose opera "Messalina," famous on the Continent, was given for the first time in English in London on January 22 at the King's, Hammersmith. When given at Covent Garden this work was sung in French with Calvé in the title-rôle and Tamagno as the Gladiator. London owes the opportunity of hearing this British opera to the enterprise of Mrs. Phillips, who controls the Carl Rosa Opera Company

would-be-clever, would-be-daring story, usually so ineffably dreary simply because it *would be*, and so seldom *is*. As a matter of fact I was absorbed by it. True, it is about night-clubs and chorus girls, and drink and dope parties, but it is so very much more than simply and merely this. It is the story of three girls, born of lower middle-class parents, who go on the stage—one because the creative impulse is strong within her, the other two because they want to do something to earn their independence. They are not related to one another, but they are friends, sharing the same meagre lodgings, appearing together in the same musical show. They set out to conquer the world; they end—one only determined to continue to succeed as an actress, the other two only too thankful to forget and to hide themselves in obscurity. And it is because they are decent that they are unhappy. They try to mix with the other chorus girls, but when they are not merely tolerated they are actively disliked. What was against them? Simply the fact that they tried to keep straight. It was a kind of barrier, a subtle criticism, an inimical difference. Eventually all three of them fell for sex; two of them for the men they loved, the third for experience—that vital experience which would make her a woman, give her a deeper understanding of life, and so a more profound knowledge of how life should be interpreted by art. Rose and Mary Elizabeth are just charming little girls, but they have not the intelligence of Olivia. Olivia had imagination. It wrecked her life. She fell into the toils of a good-looking young blackguard, and was nearly dragged down by him to his own level. The character of Olivia is extraordinarily well-drawn. One gets to know this rather serious girl who, in her search after physical experience, finds herself entangled in the vulgar morass in which merely physical experience is usually obtained. Her body cried out for physical love; yet all the time her mind stood utterly aloof from her lover. Nevertheless, the spiritual could not break away from the physical. The man, as a companion, revolted her. As a man merely, he satisfied her need. At length, disgraced and crushed, the chance came to her to marry a decent fellow. But marriage meant giving up all her ambition, all her personal life. She refused this marriage. She was determined to face life alone. For her that was the only way. All the characters of these three girls, however, are well drawn. Vivid, too, is the background of stage-life and the noisy, sordid amusements of Greenwich village. The way the novel is written startles one at first, then irritates; finally one realises that, unusual though it may be, it has a certain power, it is effective; eventually it does not even confuse. One has to disentangle thoughts from dialogue; who is thinking, who is

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

A Very Unusual Novel.

When I first picked up Helen Grace Carlisle's American novel, "See How They Run" (Brentano. 7s. 6d.); with its dust-cover representing three girls practically in the nude prancing to what must surely be synopated music, I thought to myself that I was about to wade through the usual hectic night-club,

speaking. The sentences are written as shots from a gun. Thus, for example: "Silence and clarity and light. I am Olivia. I am the daughter of my father. I am the alone one. I am the aloof one. I am the suffering one. I am the growing one. I am the seeker after beauty and after truth. And I am the creator. I am the creator whose living passion will light the way of those who progress towards the birthplace of the stars." Melodramatic? Yes, somewhat. But it suits the story. Moreover Miss Carlisle seems to use it naturally and not as literary affectation. The result is an unusual novel, unusually told, and unusually interesting. Especially as a picture of modern life. Also as a literary experiment.

\* \* \*

### The Loneliness of Creative Art.

We are, of course, as we are born, but I sometimes think that the luckier among us were born commonplace. The commonplace people may never come within sight of the Heights, but also they miss the Depths, and the way of this world is, after all, opposed to anyone triumphantly far outside the drab majority of the norm. The world likes not to be disturbed, and, being quite satisfied with itself, actively dislikes those who are dissatisfied with it. Especially is the furrow of the creative artist a lonely one to dig. Only, or so it would appear, out of his tragic tribulation can creation be born nevertheless. Thus he must suffer intensely before he can touch the suffering of others. Out of the song of his crushed heart alone will spring the song that will find its echo in other human hearts. It is his misfortune as well as his glory. Mrs. Edith Wharton's new novel, "Hudson River Bracketed" (Appleton. 7s. 6d.), is the story of the suffering and loneliness of a man, a writer who wishes to do big things and who is inspired to do them, though only in the face of the hard facts of everyday life which have no sympathy towards his genius. You see it had not yet been acclaimed. And so Vance Weston, instead of being able to give free play to his creative gifts, has to sacrifice them for advertising "blurbs," by which alone he can gain sufficient to keep his own body and soul together and tend his young wife, dying slowly of consumption. It was a tragic struggle. "He clenched his fists and sat brooding over the model ads. till it was time to carry in the iced milk to Laura Lou. But he had not measured the strength of the force that had propelled him. Words sprang to him like the sirens of Ulysses; sometimes the remembering of a single phrase was like entering into a mighty temple." His wife dies, and he returns to his father's house in Illinois. Therein he has spent his youth. There he had suffered from the first miseries of misunderstanding and utter lack of sympathy which, as it were, first moulded his genius, while at the same time torturing it. His home was the vulgar, ostentatious reward of commercial enterprise. But before he leaves New York there re-enters his life the woman who in his youth had revealed to him the world of beauty and understanding and creative joy. He had

(Continued on p. 242)



JOAN COGGIN

Whose first book, "And Why Not Knowing," has been a big success, and has deserved the reception it has had because it is very well written

## AN ART TO ART TALK!

By George Belcher



Old Lady : My son dabbles in oils a bit, Miss.

Lady Artist : Really ! An artist ?

Old Lady : Oh, no, Miss, in a garridge.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

not been in love with her then. She had married another man; he had eventually married poor little Laura Lou. But he had grown to love her later on with that overpowering adoration which seemed to make her not only a woman to be loved but part and parcel of his creative genius. He had confessed his love to her, forgetting his wife, forgetting her husband, forgetting everything except the blind worship of herself. They had parted, since love was impossible, in dumb agony. Since then, however, Héloïse Terrant's husband had died. She was free. Without telling her that he, too, was also free, he responds joyfully to her offer of a renewal of their friendship. Yet he cannot understand her horror when she realises that she has been allowed thus to plead in ignorance of Laura Lou's death. Not for many years has Edith Wharton written a story so spacious, so interesting, and so human as this, her latest. She has such complete understanding of her characters that she makes each one of them a living personality. Also as a vivid picture of modern American life the book is well worth reading. Indeed this novel takes a high place in Mrs. Wharton's best work.

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**Something Akin to Genius.**

But an even greater misfortune would it be to miss Rahel Sanzara's novel, "The Lost Child" (Gollancz), translated from the German by Winifred Katzin. Here you have a story which, a first novel, the writer pseudonymous, is nevertheless likely to create as big a sensation over here as it has already done in Germany and Austria. For if it be not a work of genius it is something so nearly akin that it may well be accounted as such. The terror and the beauty of it is unforgettable. The subject matter is horrible, but the manner leaves one with an impression of loveliness which is the most moving thing I have read for a long, long time. The theme is pathological. A gentle and sensitive young girl is violated by a vicious brute, the result of which is the birth of a male child. Through heredity this boy develops a dual nature. In appearance he is like his mother—gentle, beautiful, kindly. His character is a mixture of both his parents. For long periods he will be tender alike towards animals and children. In between these periods, and from some obscure madness, he will suddenly be seized by a paroxysm of lust and cruelty. And then, after the paroxysm has passed, he will again be gentle and loving and kind. The worst of it is that during these beautiful periods the wretched boy does not realise what he has done. He only knows that something in his nature has been satisfied and that within him peace has returned. His mother is a servant on a farm; the boy plays with his master's children. They are happy together. Then on a day when he comes to adolescence he murders his master's little girl whom he loves. After he has murdered her he buries her body and is not suspected. Indeed he forgot all about her. "When the others mentioned her it was as though they spoke of someone he did not know, someone he had never

known. There was neither pain nor love. . . . But by the same token there was no sense of guilt, no pang of conscience. At night, weary, he slept the sleep of the just." But the law set to work to solve the mystery. The boy, his mother, and their family cling desperately on to the least vestige of hope. But at last the crime is brought home to the lad. It is his own mother who first realises the awful truth. The scene of the trial when the wretched woman confesses that her son is the murderer because, being his mother, she knows that he is guilty, is powerfully done; distressing, yet at the same time beautiful. But the end is not yet. When the murderer comes out of prison after a long period the father of the lost child takes him once again into his service. The closing scenes of the story are hauntingly lovely. The simplicity with which they are painted, the tenderness, the forgiveness which inspires them, makes the novel, terrible though the theme may be one of extraordinary loveliness.

It is, indeed, a story to read more than once. It is a book which increases your understanding of the inner tragedy of certain lives which arouses your pity, which makes one hesitate still more in one's condemnation of the unfortunate and the damned. It is, in fact, for me at any rate, one of the very few modern novels which I am never likely to forget. The terror and the beauty of it make forgetfulness impossible.

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**For Every Dog Lover.**

Colonel Richardson can write more readably about dogs than anyone else I know. His new book, "Forty Years With Dogs" (Hutchinson, 21s.), is extraordinarily interesting. He neveys sentimentalises, yet the true psychology of the dog has never been more fully entered into than in this volume. Chiefly it is his own account of his long and intimate study of dogs, but with it are many chapters of his own personal life and experiences, the famous people which his interest in dogs and

their training have brought him in contact with; an account of the splendid part which the dogs he had trained played both in the War, and still do as an aid to the police in criminal work. Moreover, a real dog-lover can learn a tremendous lot from him as to what a dog can be capable of performing if properly trained. For dog-lovers the book is indeed indispensable. But even if you do not read it with any of your own canine friends in view, you are sure to be immensely interested by Colonel Richardson's account of his own experiences and how he trains dogs to perform important services while they still retain that unswerving devotion to their masters which alone satisfies most of us. The book, moreover, is admirably illustrated. It forms a most valuable addition to the library of animal literature.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xvi of this issue



Rude Boy (to Charlady): Wot-cheer, Britannia!

# THE PLAY'S THE THING



IN "THE WAY OUT": MISS BEATRIX THOMSON (BILLIE) AND MR. EDGAR NORFOLK (TONY, HER HUSBAND)



"THE MAN IN POSSESSION": MISS ISABEL JEANS AND MR. RAYMOND MASSEY



IN PUCCINI'S "TURANDOT": MISS ODETTE DE FORAS (PRINCESS TURANDOT) AND MR. FRANCIS RUSSELL (CALAF)



"THE LAST ENEMY": MISS ATHENE SEYLER (CLARA PERRY), MISS MARJORIE MARS (CYNTHIA), AND MR. O. B. CLARENCE (THOMAS PERRY)

"Sapper's" new play, "The Way Out," at the Comedy is a "sure 'nough" spy-cum-Secret-Service winner, and will thrill you to the very marrow. Miss Beatrix Thomson plays the wife of the first-class wastrel and traitor, Tony Cartwright (Mr. Edgar Norfolk), who sells secrets to the Chinese spy. He is seen above in one of his little, drink-sodden tantrums. "The Man in Possession," Mr. H. M. Harwood's new play at the Ambassadors, gives that good actor, Mr. Raymond Massey, plenty of good chances as, a broker's man who masquerades as a footman, and of course in the end marries Miss Isabel Jeans, the fascinating heroine. "The Last Enemy," which began slowly at the Fortune, but which has settled into a definite success, is magnificently acted by all hands, especially by Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Athene Seyler. The newly-formed Covent Garden Opera Company after starting their spring tour at the big Streatham Hill Theatre and taking Golder's Green in their stride are playing one week in each town they visit—Wolverhampton, Blackpool, Bradford, Southampton, and Birmingham successively, where the tour ends on Saturday, March 8



KAREL KOZELUH AND MR. BILL TILDEN

Big Bill Tilden came over from Monte Carlo to Cannes to umpire the final of the professional championship, which Karel Kozeluh won in straight sets

and the next night we dined at the Palais de la Méditerranée, where I saw a good many people over from Cannes for the evening. Cannes, this week, has been delightful, and the town is very full as there are all sorts of things going on amongst them, the big tennis tournament at the New Courts Club (which is a very *de luxe* affair, belonging to Mr. Frank Gould), where Tilden, Fräulein Aussem, Miss Ridley, Count Salem, the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, Lady Wavertree, Madame Jung (the premier lady player in France), Mrs. Satterthwaite, Charles Kingsley, Sir Arthur Crosfield, Lord Roundway, and a whole host more are playing. Lord Cholmondeley did very well in his match with Tilden, and he was also in the finals at the Cannes Club Members' Tournament the week before.

To-day Henri Cochet arrives in Cannes, and all the tennis "fans" have been standing on tip-toe waiting for this event. There is great talk of a match between him and Bill Tilden, which seems likely to materialise the week after next at the Carlton Club tournament, which it will be remembered "staged" the memorable single between Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills a few years ago. There are a great many parties being given at the Ambassadors, and Sunday night will be a very full one, for there are a great many dinners for the opening day of the races out at Mandelieu, and also Sir Arthur Crosfield has a big "bridge" dinner.

Besides the opening of the racing on Sunday, there is a big swimming competition being held at the Plage du Midi, for which I hear a lot of people have entered. Sir Harry Brittain and his family are most intrepid swimmers, and Miss Norman (who is staying with Lord and Lady Aberconway at the Château de la Garoupe) bathes nearly every day I hear.

There are plenty of newcomers this week, and I saw the

## OUR RIVIERA LETTER

**M**Y DEAR TATLER—I have been spending one or two days in Nice, just to enjoy the end of the racing there, and I must say I have had a most enjoyable time, having managed to back several winners and also see a great many interesting people. The Grand Prix produced a huge crowd of spectators as the weather was *perfect*, and we were all able to wear our new frocks without any cold winds to make us huddle into fur coats and wraps. In the evening there was a great ball held at the Ruhl Hotel in aid of various charities,

ex-King of Portugal among the "punters" at the big baccarat table last night. The Greek syndicate have been rather successful these last few days, but there are always the same big crowds of players whether they win or lose. Lord Derby I saw at the last big gala dinner. He had with him his daughter-in-law, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford. The Dennis Larkings, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Donoghue, M. Domergue, and M. Van Dongen, the famous painter were there, also the Aga Khan and his wife, who have just returned to Cannes.

Two very interesting arrivals are M. Sacha Guitry and his charming wife, Yvonne Printemps, who are staying at the Cap d'Ail. M. Guitry is part author of a play now running at the Beau Soleil Théâtre. He allows himself a game of "chemmy" in the evening, while Mlle. Printemps, who does not play, sits behind his chair offering advice or sympathy as the case may be. The Duke of Westminster, who has been in Corfu on board his yacht, the *Flying Cloud*, arrived here this afternoon with a party of friends including Sir Joseph Laycock, Major and Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty, Mrs. Olive Reubens, and his fiancée, Miss Loelia Ponsonby, who is *en route* to Paris to join her mother.

Major and Mrs. Fellowes were, I hear, to leave for Genoa this afternoon on the *Sister Anne*, *en route* for Egypt, while a newcomer who is expected in Monte Carlo very shortly is Lord Jellicoe, who is now enjoying some golf and lawn tennis at Hyères before coming on here. The great event of to-morrow will be the arrival of the 140 odd cars which are taking part in the motor rally. They are due in the Casino Square during the morning, and as a great many of the drivers are well known here, there will most certainly be a very large crowd to see them come in.

Lady Cecil Douglas, I hear, at the last moment decided not to compete, but there are plenty of women drivers in the race, amongst them the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce and the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynde. One very famous German lawn tennis player, the Baroness Reynieck, is a passenger on one of the cars, and as she proposes to start playing in the tournaments directly she arrives, one wonders whether she will not find her "eye" rather out after such a terribly long journey—she is starting from Berlin!—Once more, yours CAROLINE.



LADY WAVERTREE AND THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER

Who were competing last week in the big New Courts Tournament at Cannes, where Big Bill Tilden is still the big star amongst the men players



IN THE CANNES SUNSHINE

Mrs. E. B. Davies, Colonel E. B. Davies, and Sir Richard and Lady Waldie-Griffith snapped in the sun last week. Sir Richard Waldie-Griffith is the third baronet. Lady Waldie Griffith, whom he married in 1926, was then the widow of Captain Westcott Young, R.A.M.C., killed in action



H.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE, G.B.E.

The younger daughter of H.R.H. the late Princess Christian and a first cousin of H.M. the King. Princess Marie Louise, who sailed last week for Buenos Aires, and will be away about three months, has travelled extensively, and has written an interesting book about her visit to the Gold Coast. Her Highness' work for charity is well known, and one of the good causes in which she takes a presidential interest is the Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary. Shortly before leaving England she attended a children's party given by this organisation, at which over three hundred small people were present

*Photographs by Hay Wrightson*

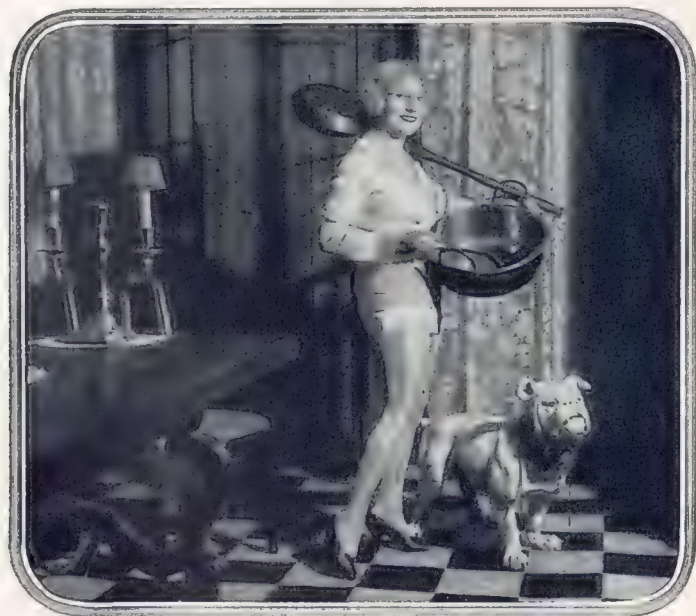


# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—Last night I was present at the first of the three gala performances of *Ballets Russes* that Vera Nemtchinova and her Company are giving at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées. A very pleasant evening. I wish, nevertheless, that the words "*Ballets Russes*" had been left out of the programme. It is in vain, I know, that one lingers in the past, but where the Russian Ballet is concerned the past is very much the past, and can only be an unforgettable memory. Good wine needs no bush. Nemtchinova's name needs no tag tied to it. The Russian Ballet that we knew before the War when Gabriel Astruc first brought Serge Diaghileff and his marvellous Company—chosen from the Imperial *corps de ballet* of St. Petersburg—to Paris is no more. It ceased to be when Imperial Russia ceased to exist. That there were links with the past I admit, but with the death of Diaghileff, last year, the last link snapped. This said I have nothing but praise—as I have already suggested—for Nemtchinova. She has charm, she has technique, and when she permits herself to stray from the classic, she has fantasy. She is beautiful, she is slim, she has taste, and she has a wonderful colour sense. The programme she presented was satisfyingly eclectic. She gave us Tchaikowsky's *Lac des Cygnes*, that most classic ballet of which the choreography is due to Marius Petipa; *Aubade*, by the young and very modern composer, Francis Poulenc, who was at the piano; and *Islamey*, an Oriental scene that was a gorgeous riot of colour and movement. That I prefer the last item and Nemtchinova's performance in it is purely personal taste, for she was equally perfect in all three.

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**C**uriously enough a certain Madame Maria Petipa (*petits pas*, how well named!), the daughter of the famous choreographer of the *Lac des Cygnes*, has just died in Paris at the age of seventy-three. She had a triumphant career in Russia before the War. After years of captivity in Bolshevik Russia she made her escape to France, her native country, where she had since lived in absolute retirement. She was the last of an illustrious family of dancers which hailed from Marseilles. Her father, who was the most celebrated member of the family, found fame in Russia in the 'fifties and reigned supreme over the Russian school of dancing during sixty years. I hold these facts from M. André Levinson, the eminent Russian critic, so please don't imagine that I am trying—all on my own—to prove that the Russian Ballet was really influenced by a Frenchman! Maria Petipa's grandfather also went to Russia where he taught dancing, and her numerous brothers and sisters all made their mark both in France and in Russia.



PARYSIS AND A BULL OUT OF A CHINA SHOP

And this picture is described as a "pretty domestic" incident in the life of the idol of the audiences at the Concert Mayol. So it might be if that "dawg" could bite and do other things customary to his species



VERA NEMTCHINOVA AND OBOUKHOFF

Nemtchinova, as "Priscilla" tells us in her this week's budget, has been having a short but very triumphant season at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées, and is here seen with Oboukhoff, her principal dancing partner

**Y**esterday was the first time I had returned to the Théâtre des Champs Élysées since reading M. Gabriel Astruc's interesting book of *mémoires*, "*Le Pavillon des Fantômes*." It is to this very distinguished patron of music and the drama that Paris owes that most beautiful of all its theatres. Gabriel Astruc built the Théâtre des Champs Élysées a year or so before the War . . . all Paris came and gasped and wondered; the magnificent simplicity of its architecture astonished many would-be critics who were too accustomed to the ornate gilt and *carton-pâte* decorations with which custom had made them familiar, to appreciate the plain surfaces and lofty spaciousness of a building that they dubbed as *art Munichois*. Also, in those days, theatreland had very strictly defined boundaries, and the Champs Élysées was quite off the beaten track. . . . Needless to say it has since come to its own, and every gala of music or dance worthy of the name is held at this theatre.

\* \* \*

**T**here was an amusing cocktail-tea-party given the other afternoon at Chez Victor, by Charles Chichester, in honour of his sister, Miss Verena Chichester, who is making a short stay in Paris as the guest of Mrs. Betton Foster. As C. C. is the life and soul of any party in the diplomatic set over here, you can imagine it was a very cheerful gathering (and also Chez Victor—that snug little restaurant in the shadow of the British Embassy—the barman knows his job most excellently well). Princess Colorado Mansfield was there, and that very beautiful creature, "Lianon," Princess Ghika, on whom the years pass so lightly.

\* \* \*

**H**ave you heard of the sad adventure that befell a certain actress as famous for her parsimonious habits as she is for the beauty of her lower limbs. Every year she gives a party. It is said to cost her very little as she understands the fine art of advertising, also it is usually a fancy-dress affair, and her costumes are provided by the theatre in which she happens to be playing at the time. This year she decided to give a "rag-and-bone" party. Every guest was to be dressed as a tramp, a rag-picker, or a hawker. Quite an amusing idea, and the costumes were raggedly picturesque . . . unfortunately, however, it seems that the real Brotherhood of Rag Pickers got wind of the affair and waited in the street, armed with rotten vegetables till dawn! Need I say more?—PRISCILLA.

# Three of us from Hollywood



BILLY DOVE AT MALIBU BEACH

The beautiful First National Star and her "uke" were having a combined sun-bath at Malibu Beach, one of California's best sun-spots. Billy Dove was originally a Ziegfeld Folly, and made her film debut under Constance Talmadge in "Polly of the Follies." Her latest picture is called "Faithful." The fascinating Clara Bow, America's "It" girl, is in a film which is said to suit her admirably, "The Saturday Night Kid," a Paramount production; and the British Star, Dorothy Mackaill, who has made a big name for herself in Hollywood, has recently appeared in "Green Stockings" and "Hard to Get," both good winners. She was born in Hull, and is also a former Ziegfeld Folly



CLARA BOW IN "THE SATURDAY NIGHT KID"



A BRITISH STAR: DOROTHY MACKAILL

## SPOTTING THE BELVOIR



GENERAL JOHN VAUGHAN TALKING TO MRS. HARRY BEEBY AND HER DAUGHTERS



LADY DARESBURY AND COLONEL W. J. LOCKETT

When the Belvoir concentrated at Landyke Lane the camera "found" as quickly as hounds subsequently did in Clawson Thorns. Its quarry included several distinguished hunting persons, notably Lord Daresbury's wife, who is also renowned as a showing adjudicator. Colonel W. J. Lockett and General John Vaughan, the controller of Craven Lodge, are two more Leicestershire regulars, and Mrs. Beeby is the wife of that good sportsman, Mr. Harry Beeby of Melton, who trains his own and his wife's steeplechasers. Miss Erskine and Miss Manners are respectively the only daughters of Lord and Lady Erskine and Lady Robert Manners. Lord Conyers was Joint Master with his father, Lord Yarborough, of the family pack, the Brocklesby, for three seasons, but is now hunting almost entirely with the Belvoir



A LAUGHING MATTER: LORD CONYERS, MISS BETTY MANNERS, AND MISS GURDON

THE HON. VICTORIA ERSKINE AND MRS. RONALD KAYE (right)

## SOCIETY SITTERS

The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane  
and Lady Millicent Taylour

So cleverly had Lady Millicent Taylour and Mr. Henry Tiarks kept the secret of their engagement that its announcement last week caught most of their friends napping, so to speak. Lord and Lady Headfort's attractive only daughter first met her fiancé last summer when she went to stay with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tiarks, at Foxbury, their place in Kent. They have many interests in common, chief among them being the sport of fox-catching, to which they are both passionately attached. The Irish packs know Lady Millicent well, and she has also been hunting a good deal in England this season. The wedding is likely to take place towards the end of April



THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE  
WITH HER SON ANTHONY

Very young people are sometimes far from amenable when they find themselves confronted with a camera, and do not hesitate to show their disapproval of the whole undertaking. This was not the case with Anthony Charles Reynardson Fane, who at two and a bittock is already a philosopher. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Acland-Hood-Reynardson and a cousin of Lord St. Audries. Her marriage to Lord Westmorland's younger brother took place in 1926. She and her husband prefer the country to London, live at Hollywell Manor, near Stamford, and hunt mainly with the Cottessmore

*Portraits by Hay Wrightson  
and Marian Lewis*



LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"The White Assegai," at the Playhouse



PRESTIGE v. PETTICOATS, OR THE DEATH OF THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF

The Commissioner (Mr. Godfrey Tearle), the Scotch medico (Mr. Ernest Thesiger), the policeman (Mr. Harry Wilcoxon), and the nurse (Miss Daphne Heard) fulfil the native legend that when the King grows weak the King dies

ONCE more the wide open spaces . . . blue mountains, sun-baked veld. Slashes of glaring sunlight across the stoep, the plash of lemon-squash falling on gin in long tumblers, the distant murmur of native kraals.

Authors may breathe into their pioneers and prairies the spirit of twenty years' experience in the wilds of M'popo; actors may black themselves all over in three shades of chocolate; producers may even cable to M'popo (I'm sure Mr. Basil Dean would) for a dozen authentic tribesmen armed to the teeth with assegais and amulets. But, somehow, confound it, the illusion passes me by.

It may be the distant kopjes of the Umbali hinterland; the snow-clad ranges of Alaska, where men are men and gold is gold if only you can find it; the tropical greenery of the Malay jungle seen from the verandah of the club at Guano, where women wear riding breeches that make Mr. Ernst Schumann's circus horses look shabby . . . any of those places where every he-man mops his brow, and exclaims, "Gosh, its hot! No wonder this accursed climate plays the devil with women. . . ."

*The White Assegai* helps me no farther along the road to Mandalay, M'zawatti, Bango-bango, or anywhere else where lone men look out into the sunlight and sigh, perchance, for Piccadilly Circus on a wet night, or the forced rush of ozone underground as the next train passes Brompton Road.

These flippances imply neither insular prejudice nor anything but respectful admiration for the Outposts of Empire. It is all a question of illusion, and illusion is the primary business of the theatre. I wish

that verandahs in outlandish places need not always contain a thirsty Scottish doctor, and that the women would dress according to the climate and their means.

In *The White Assegai* Mr. Ernest Thesiger, looking not a day over eighty, invests Dr. Macandrew with an unmistakable accent and a sense of dry humour suitably relieved by the racial wetness. Mr. Thesiger is just as much wasted as the suggestion that actors who impersonate Zulus should refrain from looking like the end-men of a nigger minstrel troupe. It is disturbing to find one native who is dull black when all the others are shiny brown.

As imperial propaganda (with a special moral for homesick wives) or Rider Haggard drama the play is disappointing. The wives, as usual, provide the warring element. M'Buru, the all-black, had a wife who evinced a desire to return to her kraal. M'Buru beat her and the desire left her. The Commissioner (Mr. Godfrey Tearle) on the other hand had a discontented wife (Miss Minnie Blagden) who wanted to get him back to England. Mackenzie declined to chuck up his job. His grandfather and father before him had been as gods to the M'soi, and now these warriors were the children of King Mackenzie the Third.

The tribe waxed restless at the rumours that their great white chief was shortly leaving them at madam's instigation. Already their next-door neighbours were spoiling for a fight on the border. One fanatical M'soi threw a white assegai on to the Commissioner's verandah to emphasise the native legend that when the king grew weak the



MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN

As Matchado, Chief Paramount of the M'soi



TANTE ANNA

The Dutch frau (Miss Marianne Caldwell) talks nineteen to the dozen—an apt number, for she has nineteen children

king died. Mackenzie didn't mention this awkward hint to his wife, who had wheedled him into allowing her to take Colin to England and send him to school there. This last concession, won by low cunning, was almost the thick end of the edge, because the boy was the heir apparent to the Commissionership.

Miss Blagden's job was to make Helen rather a hard, disagreeable, selfish person, and well and truly she did it. But sympathy was hers, too, and she got it, for what woman, hankering for Ascot, can be blamed for using every feminine artifice to escape the monotony of M'soi? Mackenzie opined that the country needed women who were raw-boned and deep-breasted. Real life suggests that women who keep house and bear children in god-forsaken places should not be women at all but cart-horses. Bone, it would seem, is a greater asset than bosom.

The other white woman who failed to think imperially was poor little Susie Giles from Redhill, wife of the station-master. Mrs. Commissioner ought to have called on her a month ago and told her to wear more clothes in the morning. Why her husband shouldn't have explained the Black Peril problem himself, goodness knows. But he didn't, and the worst nearly happened. Giles and a Dutch farmer shot and lynched the nigger, and were clapped into prison. The corpse being one of the rival tribe, matters on the border reached a crisis, and only distant artillery, ostensibly practising, kept the peace. Then another white assegai missed Mr. Tearle by inches, and away

he went to quell the combatants in person, only to return a few minutes later mortally wounded in the leg from a poisoned spear. As Mr. Tearle lay dying from "the creeping death," an obscure compound favoured by lion hunters, Machado, the M'soi chief (Mr. William Heilbronn) conversed with him on the mortality of weak kings. When the paralysis reached Mr. Tearle's middle, Machado casually mentioned the little matter of the antidote. Such an one—the only one—was reposing at that moment in his belt. Would Mr. Tearle take it and remain to rule, or would he die in the height of his powers and permit his spirit to dwell for ever with his children? Craving the happy ending, I almost up-rose and implored Mr. Tearle to take it. Take it, and then go home and settle down with your wife at Cheltenham. If the M'sois and the M'sutos come to blows, what matter? You've just told us that 2,000 troops are instantly available. Take it and lie like a trooper.

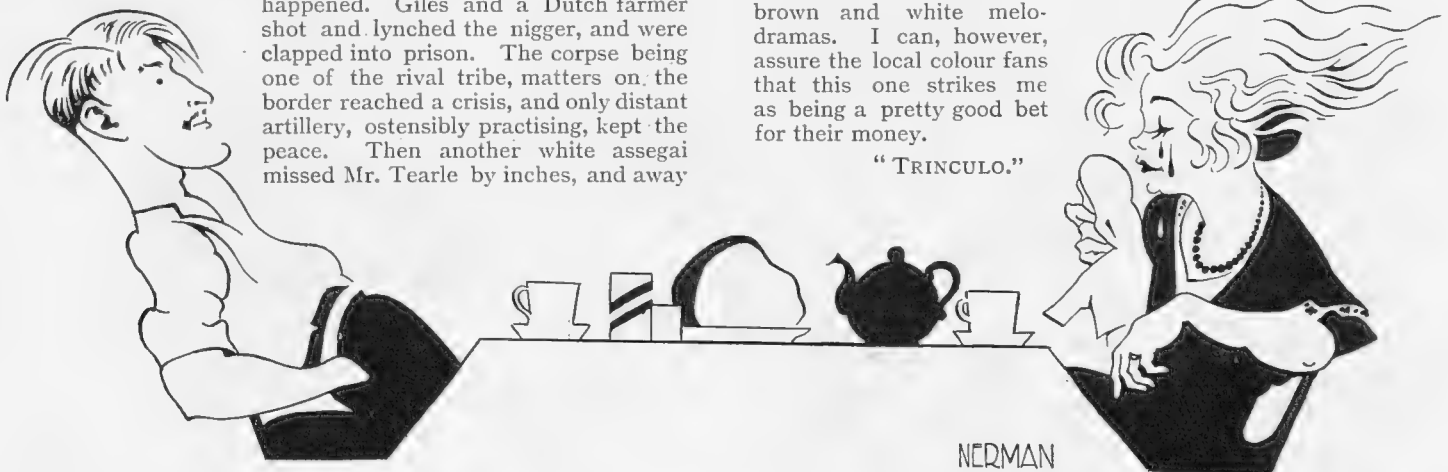
But no, Mr. Tearle grew weaker, and gradually the *vox humana* went out of the musical tones that had breathed a spell of poetry o'er an idyllic Africa, even over a domestic scene of remonstrance verging on reproof. That voice, I suspect, was the real cause of the native war that didn't quite come off. Depressing as was the thought that the Union had lost its best Commissioner, the sequel was even sadder, and if I may say so without offence, almost as ludicrous. The curtain falls, amid much spear-brandishing, on the corpses of Mackenzie and Machado (sympathetic suicide), while Cousin Nicholas, the police officer, and the doctor's niece, having contracted an engagement that was obvious from the first, are acclaimed by the unseen M'soi *impis* as the lawful successors of Mackenzie the Third. And so we leave this very self-governing State without, unfortunately, a further glimpse of Miss Phyllis Shand, whose cockney tears and serio-pathetic déshabille make a delightful picture of misery and comedy to which Mr. Norman Claridge, as her husband, contributes a variety of deft touches. Miss Marianne Caldwell is entertainingly garrulous as a Dutch frau, Mr. Harry Wilcoxon stoutly upholds the inarticulate traditions of the Bull Dog breed, and Mr. Tearle, skilfully alternating the sweetness of honey with the strength of lions, is all things to all situations. It is very easy to wax playful over these brown and white melodramas. I can, however, assure the local colour fans that this one strikes me as being a pretty good bet for their money.

"TRINCULO."



LISTEN, SAMSON

Delilah, alias the Commissioner's wife (Miss Minnie Blagden) winning the battle between Ascot and Africa



NORMAN

RATHER HARD ON THE SUBURBS—TEARS AT BREAKFAST

The station-master (Mr. Norman Claridge) and his cockney wife (Miss Phyllis Shand) are immersed by a domestic storm over the tea-cups. Susie hates Africa and wants to go home. Redhill is so bracing!

# Hunting Days

Ireland and Leicestershire provided the sporting setting for this page. Lady Irene Congreve, whose stately home is Mount Congreve in Co. Waterford, has lately been staying with Lord and Lady Dunraven at Adare Manor. Below she and her hostess are seen at a neighbouring meet of the Limerick hounds



Frank O'Brien

LADY DUNRAVEN AND LADY IRENE CONGREVE



Vyryan Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Cosby, Lady Walsh, Mr. E. H. S. Cosby, Mrs. Richard Tryson, and Captain R. Maxwell at Mr. and Mrs. Cosby's home. The Cosbys are one of the oldest families in Ireland and settled there in 1558. Lady Walsh is the wife of Sir Hunt Walsh of Ballykilcavan, a former Master of the Queen's County

WHEN THE QUEEN'S CO. MET AT STRADBALLY HALL



Vyryan Poole, Dublin

LADY NUGENT WITH PETER AND GLORIA NUGENT

The family threesome above was taken when the Westmeath met at Glencara, Mr. A. B. Dickson's house. Lady Nugent is the wife of Sir Walter Nugent of Donore and was before her marriage Miss Aileen O'Malley. Her husband, who is a Senator of the Free State, and a director of the Bank of Ireland, holds the important post of chairman of the Great Southern Railways. Mrs. James Lezard and her elder son caught the camera's eye at a recent Quorn tryst. Lord Northland, who will be seventeen in May, is heir to his grandfather, the Earl of Ranfurly



MRS. JAMES LEZARD AND HER SON, LORD NORTHLAND



## THE INTRUDER

*By S. Drigin*

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# Fort DUNLOP



ANITA LOOS

*By Olive Snell*



## MAN OVER

*By Chas. Pears,*



## OVERBOARD

Chas. Pears, R.O.I.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

## Abdulla at the Carnival



## TRANSFORMATION

Robinetta put on a pink coalscuttle bonnet  
 And a billowy frock, sweetly flounced from the waist,  
 And Charles wore a greatcoat, with capes piled upon it,  
 Which a Regency Buck would have found to his taste.

Through the Carnival Revels she simpered discreetly,  
 While Charles voiced the slang of the Old Coaching Days;  
 But a Box of Abdullas transformed them completely  
 And revealed their devotion to up-to-date ways.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

• TURKISH

• EGYPTIAN



## A BACK NUMBER

*By Douglas Wales*



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N.C.C. 785

# People who Appreciate "the Best Music of All"



Frank O'Brien

MRS. H. S. PERSSE AND HER SON

John Persse, being the son of the famous "Atty," was naturally introduced to horses at an early age, and shapes remarkably well across a country. His father, when the rigours of the flat season finish, enjoys himself hunting with the Limerick, of which he is Joint Master with Mr. Pollok. Mrs. Atty Persse was formerly that charming actress Miss Emily Brooke. Major Shackle (below) has been Master of the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Stagounds for sixteen seasons, and hunts hounds himself



Frank O'Brien

IN COUNTY LIMERICK

A group achieved at Islandmore when the Croom Harriers met there. At back—Mr. Fildes, Lord Daresbury's agent at Kilmallock, Mr. E. Fitzgibbon, the Master, and the Hon. Edward Greenall; in front—Miss Cynthia Baring, Miss Q. Irvine, who is Lord Muskerry's niece, the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Baring, and Captain Massy. Mrs. Baring has taken Islandmore for the hunting-season as a change from Northamptonshire. She is a cousin of Lord Fermoy



LADY DURAND

Sir Edward Durand's wife was hunting with the Cotswold when Shipton Manor was their tryst. Lady Durand, the daughter of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, has a first-rate eye for a horse, and shows successfully at Islington. She and her husband used to live in the V.W.H. country, but have now settled in Gloucestershire. It is good news that Sir Harold Nutting is rejoining the ranks of the M.F.H.'s. He has been unanimously elected as Major Burnaby's opposite number with the Quorn as from next season. Lady Nutting is a great personal friend of H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria, who frequently stays at Quenby. Mrs. Nutting is Sir Harold's American sister-in-law



MAJOR AND MRS. E. SHACKLE



Bale

MRS. NUTTING, SIR HAROLD NUTTING, AND LADY NUTTING

## WHO WAS WHO AT KEMPTON PARK



MR. PERCY WOODLAND, MRS. COLLS, AND SIR LINGARD GOULDING



MR. R. GORDON, MRS. HUNTRISS, AND MRS. CUNDELL



THE COUNTESS OF SEFTON, MR. HARRY BROWN, AND VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX



LADY CHESHAM AND THE EARL OF CARNARVON



MISS WHITAKER, MR. JACK JARVIS, AND LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. WILFRED EGERTON

The Kempton Park fixtures usually have strong social support, and at the January Meeting many well-known faces were to be seen. Mr. Percy Woodland was in rare fettle over the consistency of his charge, Gib, who by annexing the Cranford Steeplechase under top weight won his seventh successive victory over fences. Gib used to belong to Lord Killeen, but is now owned by Mr. B. D. Davis. Sir Lingard Goulding, a director of the Bank of Ireland, also trains with Percy Woodland, and owns St. Germaine among other 'chasers. Mr. H. A. Brown, who has had a somewhat disappointing season so far, had only two horses running at the meeting, one of them being Lord Sefton's Kista. This page also features another trainer, to wit, Mr. Jack Jarvis, who is, however, only professionally concerned with flat racing. His charges include Sir George Bullough's, Sir Lionel Phillips', and Mr. Esmond's horses. The Hon. Wilfred Egerton is Lord Ellesmere's youngest brother, and as regular a participant in the sport of kings as Lady Chesham and Lord Carnarvon

## OUT IN THE SNOW



MISS DREDA STANDISH AT VILLARS Chas. Brown



MISS PATRICIA O'BRIEN AND MISS ETHEL LEVERSON Chas. Brown



MR. JIM LAWRENCE AND SEÑORITA LILI DE ALVAREZ

All these pictures, bar one, of people who are out in the snow with Heaven's light above them were taken recently at Villars. The only picture not at Villars is the one of Mr. Jim Lawrence and Señorita Lili de Alvarez, who were at St. Moritz. Lady Blane, whose sister, Miss Leverson, is in one of the pictures at the top, is the widow of the late Commander Sir Charles Blane, Bt., who was killed in action at Jutland. Miss Ethel Leverson is hon. sec. of the Villars Ski Club, and she and Miss O'Brien are seen timing a race. Mr. Jim Lawrence and Señorita Lili de Alvarez were off to the Cresta Run, where Mr. Jim Lawrence, although a newcomer, won Lady Ribblesdale's Cup and was second in the Macklin Cup. He is a son of Sir Walter Lawrence, who bought the MSS. of "Journey's End." The Señorita, Spain's champion lawn-tennis player, is the best woman on skis in all Switzerland



LADY BLANE Chas. Brown

# RUGBY RAMBLINGS

**N**O one can have expected that there would be many changes in the England side that won so unexpected a victory at Cardiff. The team could certainly be strengthened in one position, and very likely in another,

but the selectors cannot be blamed for letting well alone. There is no reason to anticipate an English defeat, but it should be realised that ours is not an epoch-making combination, though the game at Cardiff should have done it a lot of good.

The Irishmen, still smarting under the defeat by France, will be all out to prevent further disaster, and it is quite possible that the rearrangement of their side, apart from the actual changes, may prove a success. It is common knowledge that the weak point of Irish Rugby has usually been the inability to score freely, though it is true that they have run up two or three heavy totals against Wales since the War, and four years ago at Dublin they beat England at Dublin by 3 goals (1 penalty) and 2 tries to 3 goals. Two years ago, on the same ground, England scraped

home by a dropped goal and a try to 2 tries, thanks to J. V. Richardson's opportunism and K. A. Sellar's wonderful defence. And last year, as all Rugby folk will remember, Ireland won at Twickenham for the first time, and what is more, thoroughly deserved to do so. Two tries to a goal was the score, and if only an English forward had held a simple pass the verdict would have gone the other way. That would indeed have been an injustice to Ireland, though the owners of the seat-cushions would have had reason to be grateful.

Should our men win, the visit of France to Twickenham on February 22 will gain immensely in interest. Never before have the Frenchmen won their first two matches, and so put themselves in a strong position for the national championship. They are certain to put up a wonderful struggle, and our men will be tested to the last ounce. The game deserves the best of refereeing, and it will be interesting to hear who gets the job.

Not very much has been heard yet of the Rugby team

which is to tour Australia and New Zealand during our cricket season. As a rule the home public, aware of the usually unrepresentative character of the team sent out, does not take a lot of interest in the results of the matches, but things may be

different this year. It is said that the Services men invited may be able to go, thanks to the influence of those in high places. This has never been possible for them before, and is bound to strengthen the side.

Moreover it has been announced that W. W. Wakefield is to captain the British side. This seems quaint, since he has not been able to keep his place in the English team either last season or this, but it is a step which will be

generally approved. Very few Rugby men agree with the majority vote of the selectors by which "Wakers" has been left out in the cold.

Next Saturday the first match of the Inter-Services championship will be played at Twickenham, in better weather let us hope than usually prevails when the Royal

Navy meets the R.A.F. The great game of the three, Army v. Navy, is fixed for March 1, a date which everybody should make a note of; three weeks later, the Army plays the R.A.F., also at Twickenham, when another keen match is certain. These games are amongst the best of the season, from every point of view, and deserve universal support.

The Navy side, which is being selected this year by Admiral Casement, looks like being more formidable than for some seasons past, and they should defeat the R.A.F., though they will miss the valuable work of Lieutenant J. W. Forrest, who will be on duty at Dublin. The Navy had a great game with Blackheath the other day, losing by a single point, thanks to a penalty goal kicked just before the close. This was their first defeat of the season, and on the run of the play was scarcely deserved. On the same day the Army was also narrowly defeated by a team representing the English and Welsh police, which included various internationals.

"LINE-OUT."



GLoucester COUNTY XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which took tea with Guy's Hospital at Honor Oak Park and knocked them out very badly 14 to 0. Guy's defence was very weak and quite failed to hold the fort. The names in this group are: Left to right, back—The Rev. F. J. Hensman and A. Hudson (committee and hon. sec.), E. W. Lovegrove, A. Webb, E. Comley, F. Wadley, F. Russell, D. Crichton Miller, and F. Ayliffe and T. Voyce (members of the committee); in front—J. Hemming, M. G. McCanlis, R. James, L. E. Saxby (captain), H. Boughton, G. Foulkes, and R. Baker; on ground—F. Price and D. Meadows



R. S. Crisp

J. J. A. EMBLETON

The newly-elected (January 21) Cambridge Rugger skipper. His school and college are St. Paul's and Caius



R. S. Crisp

S. J. HOFMEYER

Who was elected captain of the Oxford University Rugger XV. He is Cape Town University and University College



## SCOTTISH DEERHOUNDS

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*Arthur Wardle*

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# Pictures in the Fire

By  
"SABRETACHE"



THE SOUTH WOLD PRESENTATION TO MR. J. W. RAMSDEN, EX-M.F.H.

Howard Barrett

A group taken at Harewood House when a presentation was made to Mr. J. W. Ramsden, who was Master of this famous Lincolnshire pack from 1920 to 1929. Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, who is in the group, was Master of the South Wold for forty years—a great record—and Major Jessop was with Mr. Ramsden for part of his time

The names, left to right, are: Sitting—Major Stewart, Major E. D. Newman, M.F.H., Major T. Jessop, M.F.H., Mr. J. W. Ramsden, M.F.H., Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, M.F.H., Mrs. J. W. Ramsden; standing—Mrs. S. Kerne, Miss Jessop, Captain Crookes, Miss Gainsford, Mrs. Rudd, Clarke, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Jessop, Miss Brackenbury, the Rev. — Spurrier, Mr. Greville Clayton, Mr. B. C. Morrison, Colonel Gibbes, Major Stafford Hotchkin, Mr. Holiday Hartley, Mrs. Holiday Hartley

IN these hard-up times, and with still worse to come when our frosty-faced Chancellor of the Exchequer has done with us, it is the duty of all of us to try and help one another to turn an honest penny even if three farthings of it are to be taken from us by the *verflucht* (German swear word for decency's sake) income-tax man. I therefore suggest that there is a fortune waiting for anyone who can invent a means of stopping mail and female bag snatching.

\* \* \*

Apparently there was some very nasty trouble in the equitation department of the Indian Congress Volunteer Army during the recent movement in mass formation on Lahore, and why the President, a gentleman whose name I gather is Pundit Jawarharlal Nehru, and the G.O.C. Indian Congress Volunteer Army, whose name is not given, are still alive I do not know. It appears that the I.C.V. Army War Office considered that both these gentlemen should take the field *à cheval* and that the President and the Commander-in-Chief, though no doubt greatly perturbed at the order, decided that they would immolate themselves upon the pigskin of patriotism rather than have any show of indiscipline. The horse provided for the President is described as "indigenous." I know the breed well. It is usually white with curly ears and a pink, pig-like eye, and on festive occasions is decorated with saffron-yellow spots which give it rather a pantherish appearance, and quite often, between you and me, these beasts are infinitely more dangerous than any panther, tiger, rhino, or buffalo, and can bite, box, and kick with the best, making the while the most blood-curdling and explosive noises. Frequently the only way in which they can be led with safety is

with a thing called a twitch on their noses. Hobbling them would of course be safest, but is not practicable if they are required to move along a road. Having said this much in explanation of the "indigenous" horse of Hindustan, you can imagine how my heart bled for Mr. Nehru when he was hoisted up on to the back of one of them and found that the "Quarter Bloke" of the Indian Congress Volunteer Army had

provided odd stirrup-leathers with (for economy's sake, I suppose) only one hole punched in each, so that whilst one of Mr. Nehru's legs was cocked up at the angle first made popular by Mr. Tod Sloan, the other was at the "dragon officer" length so much condemned by Mr. John Jorrocks in the case of his whipper-in, "Binjamin." How a hideous tragedy was averted in Mr. Nehru's case I do not know, and in the case of the Commander-in-Chief of the I.C.V. Army it was not so averted, for I learn from the letter of an eyewitness that the pig-dog of a syce letting go the horse's head before Babu General . . . his name again escapes me . . . had had time to get a firm grip of the mane in front of and of the cantle of the saddle behind, the brute shot him high in the Indian air and His Excellency landed with a sickening squelch on the hard and dusty Indian earth. The rules of horseback riding as propounded in Bengal are, if I remember: "Put foot in estirrup; tarn out toe; apply ishpur; and O my Gard!" It is evident that the I.C. Volunteer Army will have to establish its own Weedon, or Saugor (a counterpart of Weedon in India), if mounted action is ever to be any sort of success. I hear both gentlemen were appropriately treated with Sloan's liniment rubbed in hard in the appropriate spot.



LADY ZIA WERNHER, MRS. FRANK BELLVILLE, AND MISS BESSIE SOMERSET

At the after-the-ball meet of the Fernie. The ball was held in the Assembly Rooms at Market Harborough, where Tom Assheton-Smith arrived after the famous "Waterloo Run" of the Pytchley. Lady Zia Wernher is the charming wife of the Joint Master of the Fernie, Lieut.-Colonel Harold Wernher

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and evening.

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and whitens

your skin!



The caressing coolness of Luxuria melts deep into the pores of the skin at a touch of your finger. Loosening tiny buried grains of dust and grime that do more to spoil the clear whiteness of your skin than all the honest surface dirt. Yet Luxuria does more than cleanse. In its melting softness there are wonderful ingredients that feed the tissues—precious oils that keep the skin soft and fresh and youthful. Luxuria can be obtained at all good Department Stores; Chemists and Hairdressers from 2/3 to 11/9.

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MISS BETTY COMPSON AS THE STREET GIRL IN  
"SERGEANT GRISCHA"

The film version of Arnold Zweig's wonderful war story. Zweig, who was meant for a schoolmaster, served in a German Labour Corps in Northern France through the War, and it was then that he collected the atmosphere for one of the most arresting cameos of the great struggle which has ever been written

THE following story is taken from Mr. Edward Abinger's recently-published book "Forty Years at the Bar."

A counsel had the unfortunate habit of leaving out the necessary aspirates, or putting them in unnecessarily. He was appearing in an action before Lord Darling, and addressed the jury somewhat in this way:

"My client's 'orse was being driven along the Old Kent Road when the 'orse was so severely injured that it 'ad to be destroyed. This 'orse cost my client forty pounds."

"Stop a bit," said Lord Darling. "What was the height of this animal?"

"About thirteen 'ands, my lord."

"Well," said Lord Darling, who was no doubt suffering torments from this massacre of the King's English, "will you during the rest of the case please call it a pony."

\* \* \*

A young man who had an enormous mouth became engaged to a girl and went to her father to ask his consent.

"I have come," he said, beginning to smile broadly in order to hide his confusion, "to ask for your daughter's hand. I—I —"

"Excuse me," said her father, "but will you close your mouth for a moment so that I can see who you are."

\* \* \*

Four golfers were resting at the ninth green, which was behind a mound, when a battered ball came over the rise and rolled into a sandy trap. The player was not in view. "Let's make him think he did it in one," said one of the golfers. So they picked up his ball and put it in the hole. Presently a weary player walked over the mound and looked about for his ball. The four men rose at him, shouting: "Did you hit that ball? Bravo! You've done it in one old man. Look! It's in the hole!"

The player looked bewildered. "Here's how it rolled," they said, tracing a course across the green. "A perfect shot! The right angle and the right strength! Bravo!"

The weary player pulled out a tattered score-card. "Good," said he; "that makes it thirty for this hole!"

\* \* \*

"Zoup, sir, zoup?" asked the very foreign waiter.

"What in the world are you talking about?" snapped the diner.

"Vell, sir, you know vat hash is? Vell, zoup is looser."

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A man was insuring his life, and the insurance agent had brought him the papers to sign, which he carefully read through from start to finish.

"I'll bet you, sir," said the agent, "that you did not read your marriage licence as carefully as you're reading these papers."

"No, I didn't," agreed the other with a grim smile; "but ever since I signed that I'm reading everything!"

\* \* \*

It is very difficult to discourage an American book-cannasser.

But one of the tribe met his match when he tackled a solemn-looking negro lift-attendant. The negro listened while the cannasser enlarged on the vast stores of knowledge to be acquired from the work he was offering on the instalment plan, then remarked quietly: "I wouldn't be no manner o' use to me sar. I know heaps more now than I gets paid for."

\* \* \*

The explorer was telling his experiences. "Do you know," he said, "I once went about in South America for months with a price on my head!"

"How dreadful!" cooed the hostess. "But I know just what you felt like. I once came home from a sale with the price-ticket on my hat!"

\* \* \*

An unpopular sportsman was enjoying his last shoot before the expiration of his tenancy. During the luncheon break he turned to the gillies and said: "What about a real Highland toast before we separate, my men?"

The oldest gillie rose slowly, and, grasping his glass, said:

"Here's to ye, sir, good as ye are, and to us bad as we are, but good as ye are, and bad as we are, we're as good as you are, bad as we are."

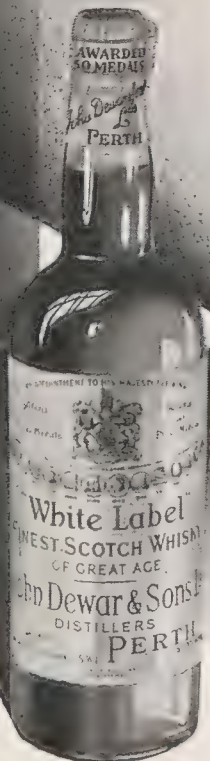


MISS NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE AS "MAD MARGARET" IN "RUDDIGORE"

Sasha

Miss Nellie Briercliffe's return to her old "home," the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, has been a source of great joy to her public. She plays most of the soubrette parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and is "extra" in all of them, particularly as the lady to whom the word "Basingstoke" was a sedative in "Ruddigore." The Gilbert and Sullivan season carries on till March 22

**DEWEAR**



**WONDERFUL WHISKY —**

**"White Label"**

● **ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY —**

**"VICTORIA VAT"**

# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

## The Rally.

WHEN, the other morning, I found myself driving up to town through a freezing downpour of rain, accompanied by a fog out of which menacing lorries suddenly loomed; when, too, I found that I had to be very gingerly (I wonder where we get this comic word from) with the brakes if the car was not to skid upon this fine sample of modern highway construction, I could not help feeling distinctly thankful that I was not participating in the Monte Carlo Rally. What an extravagantly strenuous affair this has become. Next year I suppose competitors will be starting from the shores of the Behring Straits, from Tin-Tung in China, from Vladivostok in Siberia, and even, perhaps, from Hollywood in California—all setting out with a fixed determination to demonstrate that the motor-car of to-day is not the quintessence of reliability that it is cracked up to be. When I saw one vehicle, whose modest starting point was John o' Groats, I was well reminded of the good old days. The outfit of spare parts and tackle that might come in handy for pulling the vehicle out of crevasses and rivers suggested that instead of trekking towards the sun over well-civilised roads this little lot was off to re-discover the Pole. Quite how that saloon accommodated five full-sized people I do not pretend to understand, but I will guarantee this, that whether or no they completed the trip, those three rear passengers would want to murder one another. Think of that awful urge of "On, on, on! We must not stop! We must not lose our precious marks! On with the job! On with the job!" I would not do this sort of thing for a thousand pounds a time. But what of those who are intrepid enough to start from the Arctic Circle, from Nijni Novgorod, or from Prhmspkmn in Poland? The question is, of course, do they ever get to their starting-point, leave alone arrive at their ultimate destination? And when it is all over, what is the lesson that we are taught? Merely this (which we knew before) that a motor-car will go almost anywhere, and that when it goes wrong or comes to grief it is almost always the fault of the human equation that presides over its steering-wheel. In short, the Monte Carlo Rally is a test of human endurance and nerve far more than of automobile engineering construction. It is necessary to point that out because, in the circumstances, it does not in the least follow that the best car will win. And, by the way, one cannot help being a little amused to reflect how a few years ago British motor-car manufacturers (to say nothing of importers of foreign cars) most definitely turned their thumbs down when it was suggested that there should be a continuance of those well-organised Reliability Trials that in olden days did so much to improve the breed of the motor-car. The Monte Carlo Rally started as a distinctly "amateur" event, giving the private-owner an opportunity of exploiting his strenuousness. And it still receives the support of the strictly amateur driver. I know one chap who took on the job of driving, accompanied by a pal of his, and their long-suffering wives, for two whole days and nights, just as cheerfully

as if they were going to pop down to Eastbourne for a lunch at the Cavendish. I think they must have enjoyed themselves intensely. But the really amateur element is very clearly in the minority. Many of the drivers in the Monte Carlo Rally are, if not quite professional, very near it, so that that which was once pure fun has become quite a serious business proposition upon which certain enterprising people are prepared to spend a lot of money. In some ways that may be rather a pity, but in others it may not be an unwelcome development. It is good that there should be some form of competition, other than an out-and-out race, in which a motor manufacturer can, so to speak, blow off his surplus steam. In Britain he has for many years been closely circumscribed. Therefore I say, let the Monte Carlo Rally develop upon logical lines and become, what already it is to all intents and purposes, a touring Grand Prix. And a jolly good one too.

\* \* \*

## Sporting Effort.

THERE was a big gathering last week at Abingdon-on-Thames to inspect and inaugurate the new works where the M.G. Six, Marks I and II, and the M.G. Midget are now being built. What magic, indeed, there is in the name of Morris, when even its initial is almost sufficient in itself to imply success! It was interesting to see a factory laid down for quantity production of a specialised sports car, and I suppose it is the only thing of this kind in Europe. The history of the M.G. is relatively brief and certainly brilliant. It originated a few years ago in the fact that one Cecil Kimber had a genius for disguising and hotting-up standard touring cars. Many many Morris-Oxfords did he submit to this treatment, and a very wonderful job did he make of them. To a certain extent this is what he still does with the adorable little Morris Minor, which duly comes out from the Abingdon works as the M.G. Midget, a cheery little tit that will on a good road hustle along at sixty on very little more than half throttle. But the M.G. Six is up quite another street,

being a new conception in design from start to finish, and as far as one can see, using no standard Morris parts at all. The Mark II, which is the latest production, likes me much. Indeed it comes as near to my ideal sports chassis as anything I know of. For it is a really sturdy job, built low to the ground, not excessive in weight, but immensely strong. With an engine that gives it a top-gear performance of eight to eighty miles an hour, it combines a four-speed gear-box with close ratios and a silent third speed. It strikes me as being very good value for money at £550, which means that a handsome saloon, complete down to the last detail, just breaks the seventh hundred. I don't think you can expect to buy a genuine "eighty" for less than that. The fact that there is some probability of privately-owned M.G. Sixes appearing in some of the big racing events this year prompted some irresponsible ass to assert in print that Sir William Morris had, after all these years, changed his mind and decided upon a racing policy. Sheer nonsense, of course, and a poor testimonial to a most enjoyable lunch.

(Continued on p. xii)



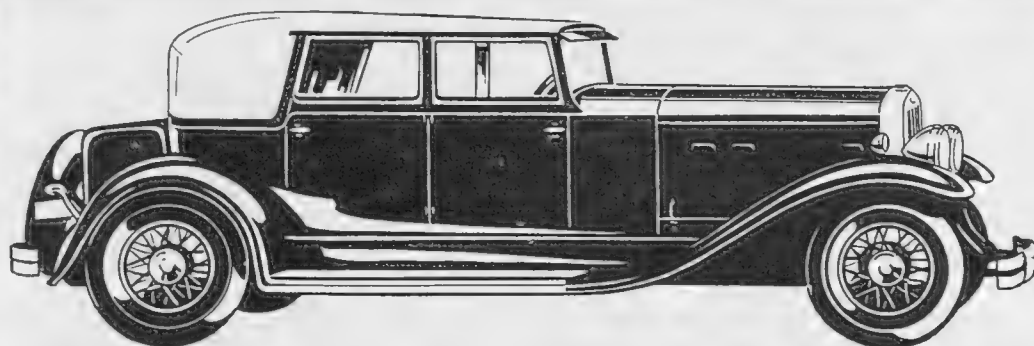
Guide : On your left is one of the most famous landscapes in . . .  
ON YOUR LEFT!

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

# PARKED FOR HOURS AT ZERO

*BUT OFF AT A TOUCH  
ON THE STARTER, INTO  
HER STRIDE IN A FLASH!*

That's the Franklin.  
The silent, air-cooled Six.  
The car that runs as perfectly whether the thermometer's at zero or 90° in the shade.  
No water — no worry.  
The car that's as silent on second as on top.  
The car with double springing—8 springs instead of 4—all hydraulically controlled.  
Come and try the air-cooled Franklin.  
Thousands of owners all over the world have proved, in the last 28 years, that the Franklin is the most practical car — the car you don't have to coddle!



## FRANKLIN AIR COOLING

Turbine type fan drives forced draught of air round the six cylinders. Thus, degree of engine cooling is governed by engine speed not road speed. Cooling is adequate under every condition at which the engine operates.



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Sole British Concessionaires for Franklin Automobile Co.



*"The boar hunched himself and bucked"*

## SAVED BY A SOUNDER

By "Mektoub."

**A**LEC and I were on detachment at Shahjehanpur, and about the middle of the month of May, on a Tuesday afternoon, Jaldoo, our shikari, came to us bringing news that a leopard had been seen near Shabuznuggar. The jungle in which the leopard had been seen was quite a small one, so we decided to beat it, and sent Jaldoo to Shabuznuggar at once to start building the machans, and told him to have everything ready for the beat to start at eight o'clock on the Thursday morning.

Starting at 5.30 on the Thursday, we arrived at Shabuznuggar before 7 o'clock, and had time to ride round the jungle and inspect Jaldoo's arrangements. He had built two machans just inside the edge of the wood, where the undergrowth was thin and gave little or no cover; they were out of sight of each other owing to a dense clump of bamboo about half-way between them, and were some hundred and fifty yards apart. The beaters were grouped on the other side of the jungle, and the signal for them to start was to be the firing of Jaldoo's old muzzle-loading gun.

Leaving Jaldoo with the beaters, with orders to wait for half-an-hour before starting the beat, we rode round the jungle until we came again to the place where our machans sat perched in their trees, and dismounting, sent our ponies to the village in the care of our syces.

After I had climbed up into my machan and made myself familiar with my surroundings I found that there was still a quarter-of-an-hour before the beaters were due to start, so I got down again and walked over to Alec's machan. He got down, and we stood talking to pass the time. I suppose it was the effect of having been home on leave the previous winter—where the beats, covert-shooting, in the big woods are so long that one does not trouble to get ready for the birds to come over until the beat has started for some time—but no matter what the reason, I remained chatting to Alec for two or three minutes after we had heard the report of Jaldoo's ancient firearm.

Alec began to fidget. "Hadn't we better be getting up into our machans or we may lose a chance of getting the leopard?" said he, seeing that I made no signs of moving.

"Yes, by Jove, so we ought," I replied, suddenly remembering that it was a leopard that we were trying to shoot, not pheasants, so while Alec climbed up into his machan I walked over to where mine was perched up on the branch of a big tree. There was a

small clear space round the trunk of the tree, and I was just stretching out my hand to grasp the side of the primitive ladder leading up to it when a heavy weight landed on my shoulders dashing me to the ground and pinning me there, helpless. Fortunately my topi remained on my head and was forced back, covering the nape of my neck.

It was the leopard, and I gave myself up for lost, but puzzled by the smell from the topi, which my bearer, old Bhujam, had cleaned with some patent strong-smelling concoction of his own, the leopard nozzled it instead of burying his teeth in some portion of my anatomy. Still, potent though old Bhujam's receipt was, and I regretted the abuse its smell had brought forth, it would not have occupied the leopard's attention very long, but just as the leopard raised its head with an indignant sniff a sounder of pig broke into the little clearing.

Suddenly finding themselves in the presence of their natural enemy, the little pigs broke hither and thither squealing loudly from fear, and it must have been these squeals that roused the ire of their father, a fierce, lean boar who was bringing up the rearguard, for no sooner did he lay eyes on the leopard than, with a grunt of rage, he charged straight at him.

I felt the weight of the leopard lift from my body as, with a snarl, it rose to meet the boar's charge, but so swift and determined was the charge that the leopard was caught half-unprepared and twice I heard the rip of the boar's tusks as they slashed the soft skin of the stomach before the leopard leapt on to the shoulders of its adversary. The boar hunched himself and bucked, but the leopard clung on, its claws fast in the boar's withers.

Finding I was free, I scrambled hastily up into my machan, and after picking up my rifle leant over to watch the conflict raging between the leopard and my gallant rescuer. The boar was unable to shake off the leopard, but the leopard could not get his teeth through the thick ruff of bristles which guarded the boar's neck, so it was almost a case of stalemate. Twice the boar threw himself down, but each time as he rose again the bedraggled leopard was still fast on his shoulders. I felt that it was time for me to take a hand and help the boar in his Homeric fight, so waiting until the boar stood still for an instant I shot the leopard through the neck.

A slight shiver passed through its body, but the sound of the shot spurred the boar to renewed efforts, and I saw as it leapt and turned, the grip of the leopard gradually relaxed, until finally

(Continued on p. iv)



“-and between ourselves”

an advertisement may prove nothing, but it can persuade a fellow to prove something for himself . . . and now it annoys me if people say soda water without adding the name that proves it, *namely—*

*Can be obtained from all first-class Hotels, Clubs and restaurants throughout the world.*

“**Schweppe**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**SODA WATER**”



Also order SCHWEPPE'S GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, Etc.



Gone abroad: Sir Albert Levy and his daughters, Miss Esmé and Miss Hylda Levy, playing a family three-ball at Mandelieu, where the sun is being pleasantly attentive

IT looks as if this page this week is going to be one long list of congratulations to everybody. That can be quite pleasant, better anyway than a dismal catalogue of condolences. The question is, where to start?

First of all with those three lucky clubs who have headed the list for the "Britannia and Eve" Club Competition for 1929, as may be duly read in the February number of that journal, which is now out. Ryde, Thonock, Tamworth, these are the happy three who have earned the right to hold "Eve" competitions of their own in 1930 for prizes presented by "Britannia and Eve," prizes which may be competed for by the club's own members under any conditions whatsoever that the club itself chooses to lay down. In addition Ryde has become the first holder of a valuable challenge cup and replica. "How have they done it?" I seem to hear somebody murmur; "those are quite small clubs; I thought those prizes were won by the club sending in the most cards for 'Eve' spoons during the year." True, oh reader, but there is a qualifying phrase in those conditions, namely "relative to their membership," and it is a fact worth noting that so far it has been the smaller clubs who have shown up most shiningly.

Ryde, in fact, did nobly all last year, their handful of members (under seventy, and only a small proportion actually players) returning no fewer than 169 cards between May 1 and December 31. Not all very good cards, I grant you; quantity rather than quality in some cases, but still showing keenness and perseverance and all the other virtues. Only twice, in fact, did Ryde fail to secure the prize given for the best percentage for the month. Then each time it was Thonock who swooped down, in October having the really amazing return



Miss Phyllis Lobbett and Miss D. R. Fowler, the doughty holders of the Northern Foursomes. They are defending their title at Alwoodley at the beginning of April

## Eve at Golf

A Week of Congratulations

By ELEANOR E. HELME

of forty cards from eighty members. Nobody all through 1929 did better than that 50 per cent., and it will be extremely interesting to see if anybody beats it in 1930. Ryde's course is at present undergoing some pretty big alterations, which will keep the members from returning cards for a few months, and doubtless other clubs will make great hay while the sun shines. Blackwell in particular may be expected to make a big effort, for at the end of September they were well ahead of Tamworth, only falling away as the winter drew on. Meanwhile Ryde has first right to very heartiest congratulations.

Then various portions of Essex must be warmly congratulated. Firstly, the county club on their generosity in giving a donation of no less than £10 to the National Playing Fields Association; then Mrs. Ormsby Cooke on the beautiful presentation made to her by the Thorpe Hall Club when she retired the other day after fifteen years' office as hon. secretary and captain. Mrs. Ormsby Cooke is still hon. secretary of Essex County.



More patrons of the Cannes Golf Club: Lieut.-General Sir Skipton Climo, Lady Climo, Mrs. E. Cressy, and Mr. S. Burnett waiting for the crowds to roll by

Then Miss C. A. Nicolson must be congratulated on the very signal honour done her by Craigmillar Park in electing her captain of the whole club. To captain their 300 ladies would seem to be as big a matter as some would care to tackle, but Miss Nicolson, the first lady to be thus honoured by any club, if memory serves, is to captain the whole club, men and all. Miss Nicolson is well known in Edinburgh as assistant to the Professor of Fine Arts (Professor Baldwin Brown) in the Edinburgh University, but she manages to find time to play for Midlothian. As captain of Craigmillar Park she succeeds Mr. G. C. Manford, the well-known International who died last year.

Then the L.G.U. must be congratulated on having appointed Mrs. Dunlop Hill to be their representative on the National Playing Fields Association, and the Irish, Scottish, and Welsh portions of the kingdom on being given separate silver and bronze handicap challenge bowls as well as the gold and silver medals to be played for annually. When, as in the past, there was only one "Handicap Challenge Bowl Meeting" in the whole kingdom, competition was apt to mean so much travelling for some people that they simply gave up any attempt to go to the meeting. The reorganisation of the L.G.U. has certainly worked grandly for the benefit of the more distant members in its vast number of affiliated clubs. These clubs accordingly come in for the last congratulations of this week.

## A WHO'S WHO PUBLISHED BY WORTHINGTON



**MASTERMAN, Gerald.** The original strong silent man. Very strong. Very silent. Winner of horsewhipping championship (1917). Served in the Battle of the Somme and later in Falkland Islands (Film versions). Old Worthingtonian. *Address:* "The Great Open Spaces," Sussex. *Tel. Address:* "Ton Worthing."

# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## The "Green Baize Door."

Simple names are being given to the tailored suits this spring, among them being the "Green Baize Door." This model, which was first shown in London and then sent to Paris—a reversal of the usual order of things—had a coat that was expressed in a material which looked just like green baize, and was fastened with a large golden button to suggest the handle. It was outlined with a small green and white shepherd check, and it was of this that the dress was made. Another suit was made of a hopsac tweed the exact shade of green salad, therefore it was christened "Lettuce." The dress was arranged with a bolero in front, while the coat at the back had a flat bow, the strapings of the material being arranged with an envelope effect. A decidedly new note is struck by the sports suits expressed in natural and pastel-tinted shantung.



Photographs by Blake Studios

## The Sports Ensembles.

There are so many variations on the sports ensemble theme that it is difficult to know about which to talk. Very quaint and quite practical is a model carried out in one of the new brown and white tweeds. The skirt is arranged with pleats that begin rather above the knees, while the remainder of the skirt is strapped, giving to the hips the much-to-be-desired neat appearance. The scheme is completed with a cape which turns the shoulders by 5 or 6 in., reinforced with a knife-pleated hem. Nothing would look more attractive with a dress of this character than one of the new felt creations that have evidently been inspired by the headgear of members of the Salvation Army. From the Maison Ross, 19, Grafton Street, W., come the suits pictured on this page. The one in the centre is of beige tweed showing a red lozenge design; the pockets, cuffs, and beige stockinette jumper are trimmed with bands of beige, brown, and red, and the coat is faced with the same. Honeycomb tweed makes the coat

(Continued on p. ii)



WILLS'S  
'GOLD FLAKE'  
SATISFY

B.W. 247

*Rep E. Scott*

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

and skirt on the left, the jumper being of crêpe de chine. The arrangement at the top of the skirt is very interesting. The suit on the right is made of stockinette that suggests tweed; the plain stockinette jumper is hemmed and trimmed with the former fabric. In the Blue Room are hand-made hats for 35s.

### In Four Sizes.

There is something about the tailored suit pictured on this page which places it on a plane apart; it may be seen in four sizes in the salons of Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., and the cost, including the jumper, is 6½ guineas. The coat and skirt are made of that modish hopsack suiting which is just right for early spring wear; as will be seen, the coat is reinforced with a fur collar and attractively-shaped pockets. In order that the much-to-be-desired slender silhouette shall be maintained the skirt is mounted on a yoke, and there are inverted pleats at the sides; the jumper is of jersey cloth in shades to harmonise with the fabricating medium of the suit, and the colours are brown, beige, and blue. By the way, it may be as well to mention that there are coats and skirts for 5 guineas.

### Frocks for the Slender.

Tennis enthusiasts will delight in the crêpe de chine frock worn by Pamela Carme in *The Way Out*; it plainly demonstrates how attractive shaded stripes can be when arranged in accordance with Fashion's latest whim. The corsage is innocent of sleeves; it falls over a narrow belt, the lines going horizontally; there is a deep pointed hip yoke with slanting lines, while on the pleated skirt they are vertical. Another of her dresses is of white crêpe de chine; the corsage is arranged with softly-falling revers, almost draperies; a red sash is threaded through the material at the waist and is loosely knotted on one side. Her white crêpe de chine hat and bag are strapped with red. Henrietta Watson wears an ensemble composed of light myrtle-green suiting; the coat terminates three or four inches before the hem of the skirt is reached, the dress being relieved with touches of beige and red. Her hat, which turns off her face, is the same shade as her suit.

### Crocus-yellow Georgette.

Smart and simple are the dresses worn by Beatrix Thomson in *The Way Out*. In the first Act she is seen in

one of crocus-yellow georgette; many forms of pleating are present in the skirt; box pleats are to be seen in front and miniature ones at the sides. A white chiffon dress, printed in two shades of green, has a hip sash rather than a yoke; it is tied in a bow at the back. Pleats also occupy a prominent position on her pale-blue dress.

### Difficult Dresses to Wear.

Everyone will congratulate Isabel Jeans on the clever manner in which she wears her dresses in *The Man in Possession* at the Ambassadors Theatre; they mould the figure, nevertheless they must be extremely difficult to wear successfully. There is an elaborate evening gown of hyacinth-pink chiffon; tucks are introduced here, there, and everywhere, so there is apparently no waist-line; there is a suggestion of the princess silhouette until the knees are reached, then there comes a flounce and train; the latter sweeps the floor. Another of the dresses is of apricot chiffon; it, too, lightly moulds the figure, is reinforced with a train on one side, and there is an attractive kerchief draped across the shoulders; it can be converted into a small cape if desired.

### Study Your Skin.

No matter the loveliness of the complexion, in order that it may be maintained it is essential that the skin be considered, and one who has made a careful study of the subject must decide what Nature intended it should be at its best. This is the opinion of Mrs. Hemming, the authority on beauty in the Cyclax Salons, 58, South Molton Street, W.; with this all intelligent women will be in accord. Each skin needs a different kind of treatment, different combinations of Cyclax creams and lotions; different coloured powder, different accentuation in the delicate business of "make-up." Should it not be possible to visit these salons the condition of the skin must be carefully described in writing. The interesting brochure, "The Art of Being Lovely," will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

### The Art of Make-up.

In this brochure illustrations, with instructions for the Cyclax Daily Dozen Exercises, are given; when regularly done they have a very slimming effect on the figure. Neither must it be overlooked that there are many helpful hints regarding the art of make-up. For instance women are counselled when using rouge, either by day or by night, to notice where their natural colour lies and place the rouge there, the edges of which must be blended with the skin with powder. A little rouge placed on the chin is a great improvement to a thin face; when the ears are revealed, a little may with advantage be placed on the lobes.



A SPRING ENSEMBLE

The coat and skirt are of hopsack suiting, while the jumper is of jersey cloth. It can be worn either outside or inside the skirt. At Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, W.

## The Film

that is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.



# Are your teeth dulled by FILM?

Remove it this simple way

**D**AZZLING white teeth mean attractive charming smiles. And *all* teeth are naturally white. If your teeth are dull and cloudy, this is caused by film, say dental authorities.

Film is a slippery, viscous coating that brushing alone will not remove. An ever-present danger to sound teeth and healthy gums. It gets into crevices—and stays. It holds harmful acids that may cause decay.

Scientific research has found a formula which dental authorities support. A special film-removing toothpaste called Pepsodent. Utterly different from any other you have tried. Its first act is to curdle that



film, which is then removed easily. Harmful acids are neutralized, and teeth become dazzlingly white.

Test Pepsodent for 10 days. See for yourself how harmful film disappears. There is no pumice, no grit or harmful abrasive in Pepsodent. Just a creamy paste that brings a sparkling gleam to teeth. Its gentle cleansing action makes it suitable for children's teeth and for tender gums. Try this modern way. Get a tube of Pepsodent to-day!

**Pepsodent** MARK  
TRADE  
The Film-Removing Tooth Paste

## From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

in Ingoldsby Wood; the rest of the time they were running hard and straight all the way. Time was one hour and five minutes. It was the best hunt on this side for many years. On Saturday a large field from Long Clawson enjoyed brilliant sport. The first fox, from Kaye Wood, led a regular steeplechase over the Smite to Sherbrookes and on up Hickling Standard, through the Curate's, and then on towards Widmerpool Station, where he escaped. The first twenty minutes were very fast, and the long ascent to the Curate's cooked a good many horses. From Clawson Thorns hounds scored another brilliant hunt, running a big ring by the village, Hose Thorns, Sherbrookes, Holwell Mouth, and Scalford, being finally beaten at Harby Hills.

### From the Fernie

Springlike weather attended us on the Willoughby-Waterless day. The animated scene in the village, bathed in sunshine, with strings of horses arriving from all quarters, was emblematic of a hunting morn. Hounds found at Peatling. A fine run of an hour covered some good country by way of Fleckney to ground at Mowesley. Some state they jumped forty-five fences *en route*, others we know of took on much less. Frank Jones was unlucky to break a leg, but thanks to Lady Wernher and Mrs. Frank Bellville, was well-cared for. An afternoon hunt from Jane Ball won the second horses their keep, "Charles" taking them over a heavy country amongst the Bosworth and Laughton hills to Smeeton before scent gave out. Leicester 'Chases on the Tuesday saw many fox-hunters present to witness Easter Hero in his public gallop. All looks well for the G.N. The after-the-ball meet at Burton Overy on Thursday brought out the usual large field. Frayed nerves and fresh horses. Why do some hats look so small the night after? Our worthy sec. was early at it. Stand and deliver for the benefit of that expensive necessity, the wire fund. The Master of the Whaddon Chase was taking a busman's holiday. Count Potocki was mounted on a good-looking grey, and a host of strangers of both sexes took part in the day's sport. Fair ladies, minus head-gear, peeped forth from comfortable limousines, preferring wheels after the night before. A Glen Gorse fox took us into Leicester, where the field became mixed up in suburbia. The fox escaped. A fine hunt from Thornby, during which a portion of the pack killed a fox on their own in Gaulby Rectory garden, finishing with another kill at New Inn Spinney. The Farmers' Ball of the evening finished a rather hectic week.

### From the Heythrop

On Monday, at Heythrop Village, we were all glad to see our huntsman out again apparently little the worse for his nasty fall of the previous week. Riders of kicking horses should remember that red-tape is plentiful everywhere, and that it is better to see red on their horses' tails than for the Masters to see red when they are suddenly nearly kicked to kingdom-come. The gentleman who had a fall off his "rat" of a pony must have anticipated this possibility in discarding the usual pallid pink for rat-catcher. On Wednesday we met at the picturesque old Cotswold Village of Farmington, and a nice hunt of an hour-and-a-half over the walls followed from Farmington Grove. The gentleman of the black collar took an ugly toss when his horse refused and swerved off into

## Saved by a Sounder

—continued

an extra violent leap cast off the leopard's body and sent it catapulting through the air until it brought up with a crash against the trunk of a small tree. The boar, freed at last from his foe, shook himself and glared round as if inviting the next enemy to have a go. I could see that though he was covered with blood he was not badly hurt, so I waited for him to go away; however, finding that no other enemy appeared, the boar stalked up to the leopard's body and stood over it; then after giving it several severe slashes with its razor-like tusks to make sure that it was really dead, the wary old tusker turned and followed in the direction taken by his family, proclaiming his victory with a series of triumphant grunts.

A few minutes later the beaters appeared and the beat was over. Alec, having heard my shot, hurried over to learn the result, and seeing the body of the leopard, called out "Shahbash" (well done); then seeing me climb down very stiffly out of my machan, for I was stiff and sore from my violent fall on the ground, which was like iron, he added, "What is the matter? Why are you so pale?"

I turned round and showed him the tears

some wire, but the gentleman from Bourton gave us a most exhilarating exhibition when his horse literally towed him along the tarmac despite his rider's protests, and we were all glad to see him regain his seat, as it looked as if he might not have any seat left to regain. Friday, at Moreton-in-Marsh was a wild, windy day, and after killing a brace of lotharios in Dibden Bank, the Vale foxes displayed a marked preference for the hills, where scent was very catchy. There was a fair-sized field of light-hearts and light-heels with a good sprinkling of yellow collars from over the border, amongst whom our capper was reaping a nice little harvest.

### From the York and Ainsty

First we must felicitate Dor—is on the recent happy event; let us hope that the lately concussed Auntie Gwen will be up to eating a nice slice of christening cake. At Strensall on Thursday (January 23) the South pack were in charge of the Colonel, who executed a turning movement (never before attempted) so as to attack Lilling Green from the eastern flank. Unfortunately there was no fox, but we had a nice hunt, through terribly deep country, from Hundred-acre Wood to Farlington, where we were much impressed by the white "Please-jump-here" boards erected by the artful Middletonians. The day ended with short hunts from the High and Low Carrs; let the Twin who thinketh she sitteth, take heed lest she fall. The "quiet bye" (as Jorrocks would say) at Moor Monkton next day resulted in securing two of the Red House foxes—the second being doubtless the one who has given us so many little grass-cum-timber gallops from Deighton Whin this season. An afternoon hunt from Grange Wood finished beneath the frowning battlements of Castle Beetroot, whose drawbridge soon resounded with the clatter of horsemen and women going to telephone for cars. We shall not easily forget the awesome appearance of the Colonel with his bandages. At Osgodby on Saturday (25th) David was carrying the horn, and only a small "field" turned up, who enjoyed a capital fifty minutes, with a five-mile point, from Cliffe Wood to Thorganby, where the dog pack killed in the open. A vast concourse at Middlethorpe Manor on Tuesday; Askham Bogs too waterlogged to draw properly, which hasn't happened for many years.

### From Lincolnshire

Scent has improved and all the county packs are now doing well. The Blankney day from Asgarby (January 23) was full of good things. A fox from Sleaford Wood provided a tip-top thirty-two-minutes round by Leasingham and Roxholm then back to the starting-place. Fences came thick and fast, and the Roxholm Beck came in the way! Although at bursting point, "Charles" broke again, and after more twisting about in the Leasingham region mysteriously disappeared. The Southwold (East) day from Aby Station (January 25) also bore the hall-mark of distinction. A Tothill Wood fox was sorely harassed for two hours, and even then got away! Many turned up their noses at the Great Eau Drain, and some who did not, swallowed a bitter pill! At Swin Wood hounds changed on to a "brock" and killed. This was the surprise item. Another hunt from Woodthorpe finished in the dark to conclude a topping day. During the week Mr. John Ramsden of Hareby House was presented by his Southwold friends with his portrait in oils. He carried on the best traditions of the Hunt as M.F.H. for nine seasons. That best of all sportsmen, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, who still rides with all the zest of youth, made the presentation on behalf of the subscribers.



LADY CHICHESTER AND MR. CRICKLEY-SALMSON

Caught by the camera when "hunting" with the Quorn when they met at Stanford, near Loughborough. Lady Chichester's engagement to Mr. Crickley-Salmson was announced recently

in the thick spine pad that had saved my back from the leopard's claws.

"How on earth did that happen?" he exclaimed in wonder.

I then explained what had happened to me, and we went to where the body of the leopard was lying and examined it. My bullet had shattered its spine, and except for the mark of the bullet the leopard appeared to be undamaged until we turned the body over on to its back, when the terrible nature of the punishment inflicted by the boar's tusks was revealed. How it had lived and retained strength enough to cling to the boar's shoulders with those dreadful gashes in its internals I cannot imagine.

"I should not care to have a boar damage me; I think I would prefer a leopard," said Alec, turning his head away.

The leopard was quite a small one, but its skin is an interesting relic of the adventure from which I escaped with only a few scratches where the claws had come through the spine pad. Alec treated them with a liberal bath of iodine from our invaluable first-aid case, and I am glad to say that they have never troubled me at all. I hope the boar has left a numerous progeny, for reckless courage of his type is well worth reproducing.

# Health & Happiness Exhibition



## OLYMPIA

### JULY 16<sup>TH</sup> to 26<sup>TH</sup> 1930

ORGANISED BY  
**THE DAILY CHRONICLE**  
IN CO-OPERATION WITH  
**THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION**

#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PROGRESSIVE CONCERNS

Progressive business concerns whose products or services meet with modern requirements of Health should link up with this National movement. The Health and Happiness Exhibition affords them an opportunity such as has never been possible before.

*For full information about this National Enterprise, which is organised by "The Daily Chronicle" and British Charities Association in aid of the Voluntary Hospitals, write to :*

## HEALTH & HAPPINESS EXHIBITION

### EXHIBITION OFFICES

DRURY HOUSE, RUSSELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

#### OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

**H**EALTH and Happiness are subjects of national as well as personal importance.

The Health and Happiness Exhibition at Olympia, originated by "The Daily Chronicle" by focusing attention upon the means of health now at the disposal of the public, will make a great contribution to the happiness of the community.

The Exhibition has the official support of the Medical Profession and the co-operation of the influential Press associated with "The Daily Chronicle."

*Success is Certain*

#### A SPECTACULAR CENTRAL FEATURE

The splendid Central Arena will be the scene of athletic and physical culture contests and displays, including demonstrations by Army, Navy and Air Force teams, and representatives of Athletic Clubs, Business Houses, Schools, etc.

#### EDUCATIONAL FEATURES

Each section of the Exhibition will centre round an educational feature, those of a technical nature being produced under the guidance of a Medical Committee nominated by the President of the Royal College of Physicians.

#### EIGHT MAIN SECTIONS

The eight main sections, each with its Educational Feature, will be

- PHYSICAL CULTURE & SPORTS
- DOMESTIC HYGIENE
- FOOD, BEVERAGES & COOKING
- PERSONAL HYGIENE
- INFANT & CHILD WELFARE
- INDUSTRIAL WELFARE
- CLOTHING & FOOTWEAR
- HOLIDAYS & TRAVEL

Round the Educational Features will be grouped exhibits of firms whose products can thus be demonstrated in the most appropriate setting.

**¶** *To improve the health and increase the happiness of our race are the commendable objects of the Exhibition, and the whole of the profits from it will be distributed among the Voluntary Hospitals through the medium of the British Charities Association.*

## Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

### More About Gliding.

**H**ISTORIANS display lack of a sense of proportion by failing to take due note of the lesser lunacies which from time to time titillate the armpits of the State. There were, for example, the periods of mah-jong, pogo, diablo, and other celebrated miniature passions. Some of these faded completely away, but some left their marks. The extraordinary push-bicycle craze, for example, helped in ushering in the motor-car. It is improbable that the motor-car would have swept ahead so rapidly if it had not, as it were, been properly introduced by the push-bicycle-butter. Knickerbockers and bloomers gave way more readily before stream-line suitings than would have top-hats (the "super-cylinders of civilisation" in Mr. E. B. Osborn's phrase) and morning coats. So it will be, I think, with gliding. Instead of retarding light aeroplane development gliding will accelerate it. It will be the first convincing aeronautical appeal to the impecunious.

Preparations for the opening of a gala gliding season (how the neologisms of the night-club stick!) are going forward rapidly. Lord Wakefield has given £1,000 to start a fund for the encouragement of the sport. He has a *flair* for being able to recognise at once those activities which are likely to prove popular and of practical use to aviation. Few have a more modern outlook. He has seen, before most people have even awakened to the fact that a movement has been started to revive it, that gliding is almost certain to prove popular and to act as a powerful ally to power flying. The effect of Lord Wakefield's gift has been instantaneous. Enthusiasm has been stoked up and there is an assurance that was formerly lacking. This is not simply the result of the monetary gift; it is the result of the knowledge that Lord Wakefield is sufficiently impressed by the possibilities of gliding to give it his support.

### Its History.

**G**liding is by no means new, as several people have been anxious to point out. Otto Lilienthal and the Wright brothers used gliding as the passport to power-flying. In England Sir George Cayley was carrying out gliding experiments in 1808. "It is very beautiful," he wrote (I quote from Mr. Hodgson's book), "to see this noble white *bird* sail majestically from the top of a hill to any given point of the plain below it, according to the set of its rudder, merely by its own weight, descending at an angle of about 18 deg. with the horizon." Henson and Stringfellow, about 1842, experimented with gliders, and there were others. But as a sport gliding is comparatively recent. The Itford meeting will be remembered, although since then there has been little activity. When its economic and sporting qualities are considered it seems extraordinary that gliding should have fallen, even temporarily, into disuse.



*F. King & Co.*  
MAJOR H. HEMMING, MR. F. MONTAGUE,  
AND LORD THOMSON

At Heston Air Park at the demonstration of the Gloster Air Survey machine for the Air Operating Co., Ltd., which was attended by Lord Thomson, Air Minister, and Mr. Frederick Montague, Under-Secretary for Air. Major Hemming is the Managing Director of the Aircraft Operating Company

### Gloster Air Survey Machine.

**L**ord Thomson, Sir Sefton Brancker, and Mr. Montague inspected and flew in the Gloster Air Survey machine at the Heston Air Park the other day. This machine will be used by the Aircraft Operating Company for the 63,000 square miles Rhodesian Survey. It is the most up-to-date machine of its type in the world, as the company that will operate it is ahead of any others in the world in its special branch of air work. The Gloster Survey machine enables 30,000 square miles to be photographed from a single central aerodrome, whereas with the machines that were formerly used an aerodrome was required every 400 square miles. In air survey this country can claim a very notable lead over all others.

I have no room to give any details of the dance held by the energetic Northamptonshire Aero Club. This club is one of the most active and its work is worthy of the highest admiration. The organisation of the dance was an additional illustration of the club's cheerful energy.



TRADE MARK



*All Square  
at the Nineteenth!*

**Crawford's  
LIQUEUR**

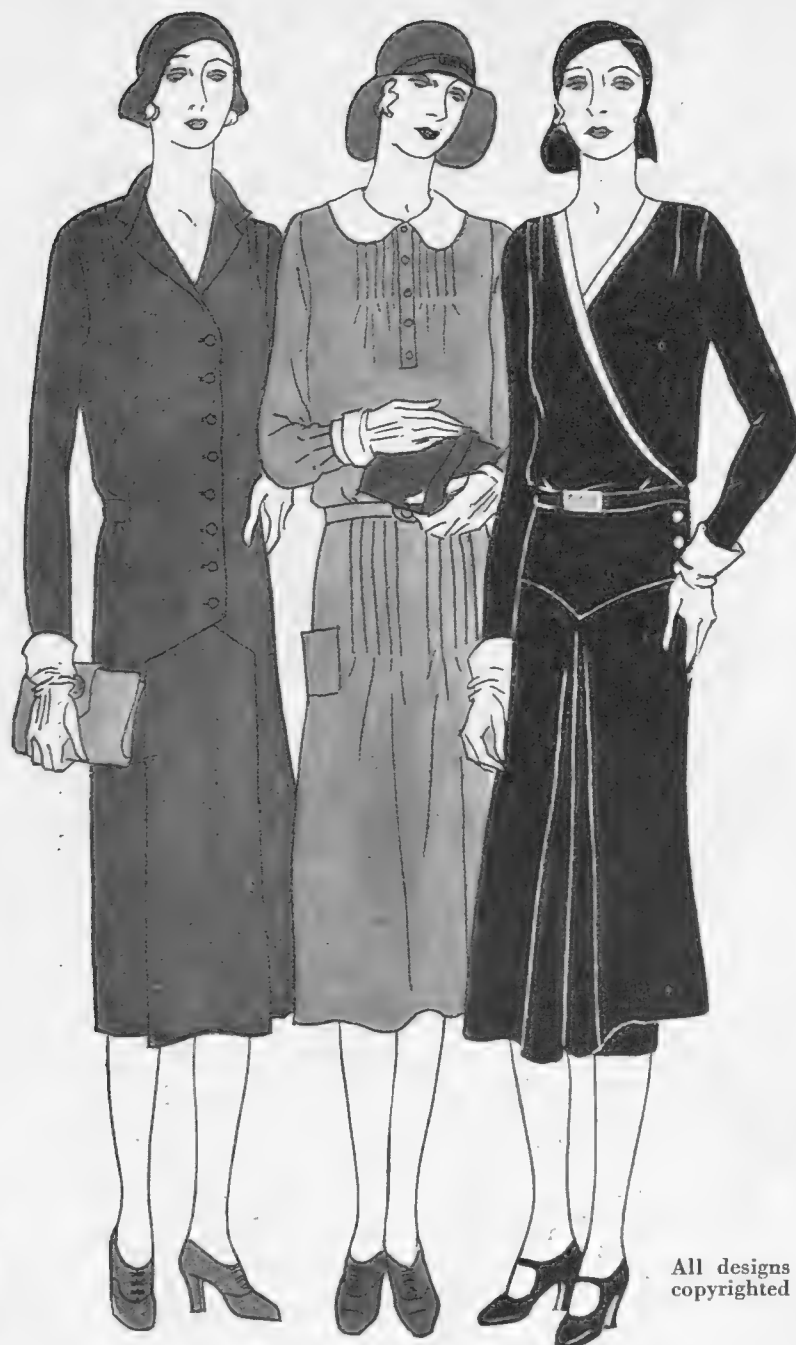
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

Even the "Twenty-four" man  
comes up to Scratch  
at the Nineteenth!

**"SPECIAL RESERVE"**  
and  
**★★★★ SPECIAL LIQUEUR**

**A. & A. CRAWFORD — LEITH, SCOTLAND.**  
London Office:— 24-26, Monument Street, E.C.3.

# SMART SPRING CLOTHES AT MODERATE COST



All designs  
copyrighted

Vogue Pattern  
No. 5116

Vogue Pattern  
No. 5117

Vogue Pattern  
No. 5118

Look in your wardrobe *now*, before the rush of spring buying comes on, and examine last spring's clothes. They simply won't do, will they?—the mode has changed so much. A whole new outfit needed! . . . Now not every woman can afford to buy all the frocks she needs at the shops she likes. But every woman *can* be smart at moderate expense, with the help of Vogue Patterns . . . Vogue Patterns are truly Paris in tissue paper. They are not made by the million for the million—they are cut for just those women who appreciate the niceties of fashion. Yet the designs remain practical, without exaggeration, so that you or your little dressmaker can be certain of success. . . . Latest Vogue Patterns (and shops selling them) are shown in each issue of Vogue, and the full season's range in the Double Pattern Number.

## VOGUE PATTERNS

### PATTERNS & FABRICS ISSUE—just out

This tells you, with illustrations, the materials which are going to be worn in the coming season. Shows you pages of day and evening frocks, stressing the importance of the bodice and other points in the new mode. For the woman of limited income there is a wardrobe chosen entirely from Vogue patterns and made up in moderately priced materials. Also the usual Vogue features, society, the stage, books, travel, furnishing and beauty, 1/-

### DOUBLE PATTERN NUMBER—still on sale

Vogue contains a complete forecast of the fashions for the coming season which will enable you to plan early and buy economically. Vogue Pattern Book contains nearly 200 of the latest Vogue pattern designs, with articles on correct corseting, make-up, etc. . . . Formerly Vogue and Vogue Pattern Book were sold separately and cost you 2/6. Now you get them both together, complete, in no way cut down, for the price of one, 1/6

# Weddings and Engagements

## Abroad.

Mr. Hugh Francis, the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Francis of Whitchurch, near Cardiff, is marrying Miss Barbara Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Stewart of Denham, Bucks, in Karachi, India; another wedding in India will be that between Major Robert Douglas Crew, 212 Frontier Force Regiment, Indian Army, the only surviving son of the late Mr. E. G. Crew and Mrs. Crew of Clifton, Bristol, and Miss Irene Wardell, younger daughter of the late Mr. John Denison Wardell and Mrs. Wardell of 2, Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin, which takes place early in March at Bombay; on February 15 there

is the marriage between Mr. John Neville Smith, youngest son of Mr. J. Harold Smith and Mrs. Smith of Moor Park, Beckwithshaw, Harrogate, and Miss Betty Bowen, only child of Mr. A. James Bowen, D.S.O., of Parktown, Johannesburg, and the late Mrs. Bowen, which is to be at St. George's Church, Johannesburg; and Mr. A. Rutherford Ovens, H.B.M. Consular Service, Japan, younger son of the late Mr. John R. Ovens and Mrs. Ovens of Horsehill House, Callow End, Worcester, and Miss Joanna H.

B. Ovens of 23, Courtfield Gardens, S.W., younger daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ovens and Mrs. Ovens, Lynnwood, Galashiels, Selkirkshire.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain G. W. Auten, The Welch Regiment, and Miss Daisy Morris, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Morris of Llandaff House, Llandaff; M. Piero Amici Grossi of Florence, and Miss Jessie MacBride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. MacBride of New York; Lieutenant Frank Arthur Ballance, Royal Navy, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Ballance of Monteagle, Sandon, Herts, and Miss Marie Arundell Maitland, Brick Clamps, Loughton, Essex, and South Africa; Captain Cecil Walter Lewery Harvey, M.C., Indian Political Department, third son of the Rev. F. N. Harvey, M.A., and Miss Betty Kealy, only daughter of Lieut. - Colonel P. H. Kealy, Royal Engineers (retired), and Mrs. Kealy of The Old Hall, Rochester, Kent; Mr. J. A. Bulger of the Nigerian Civil Service, and Miss Jan Hamerton, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Groves Hamerton of Littlethorpe, Rottingdean.



MRS. DURELL BARNES

Cox

Whose marriage to Mr. Thomas Durell Barnes took place on January 18, was formerly Mrs. Leonardine Nevada Arnold, late of Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S.



MISS EILEEN HUMPHRIES

Swaine

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Humphries of Mableton, Furze Hill, Purley, who is to marry Mr. Douglas Stack, of Sutton

## QUALITY CAN GO NO HIGHER!

THE SELECTOR Portable is the highest quality portable in the world. It is built slowly and carefully. It is tested at every stage with exacting care. Every inch and every ounce of material is the best procurable.

The Selector brings in the stations of Europe with effortless ease. They are all charted for you, and a turn of the controls to the readings given brings them to you as quickly and as often as you wish.

The tone of the Selector loud-speaker embodied in the set is as sweet and pure as the loveliest tone of a grand organ, and even at its loudest when filling a large room with melody, enables you to distinguish every word and every note.

The set can be carried anywhere and plays at the touch of a switch. The 25 amp. hour accumulator can be re-charged from the electric light at home, giving all-electric convenience without its drawbacks.

### FREE TRIAL

Any model Selector Portable will be sent to you for a week's free trial. If it does not do all we claim, send it back and your money will be refunded.

Illustrated Catalogue T.4. Free on request.

THE SELECTOR ALL-ELECTRIC  
If your fancy is for an all-electric set be sure to hear the Selector. It is unique—the only transportable all-electric incorporating a moving coil loud-speaker. Its tone is a revelation; its range is all Europe. Price complete 55 GNS.



**Selector**  
The Quality Portable

The Attaché Case model, in a beautifully made case of fine quality blue morocco leather, complete and ready to play. Costs 32 GNS.

Or £7 down and 10 monthly payments of £3. Waterproof cover 12/6 extra.

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London Office and Showrooms: 1, DOVER STREET, W.1 Telephone: Regent 4724.

## YOUR FIGURE perfected by the

"111" COURT ROYAL CORSET

Women everywhere are enthusiastic over this latest super C.B. production . . . never before has a guinea corset created such a stir. Only the best materials are used in this luxury corset; fine quality silk broché, extra strong good-wearing elastic and lasting suspenders go to complete this new wonder corset. Cleverly designed by experts to emphasise the graceful rounded curves that fashion now demands, the "One One One" model nevertheless slims your figure to perfect proportions.

Stocked and recommended by all the leading ladies' outfitters everywhere. The thrill of a perfect figure (without discomfort) awaits you when you wear this new Court Royal Corset. Ask to see the "One One One" priced at

1 Gn.



This illustrated brochure (sent free on mentioning "The Tatler") is of particular interest to women who wish to improve their figure.

COURT ROYAL CORSETS 81, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.1



**Catarrh?** The simplest thing you can do for catarrh is also the most effective — just gargle with Glyco-Thymoline and spray the nose.

Because of its instantaneously effective action, Glyco-Thymoline sold for 25 years *solely on the recommendation of doctors.*

Glyco-Thymoline soothes and heals the irritated mucous membrane, which is the cause of your catarrh. Get a bottle today — and get relief today.

When you ask for Glyco-Thymoline, pronounce the "y's" as in "sky"—to make sure you *do* get Glyco-Thymoline.

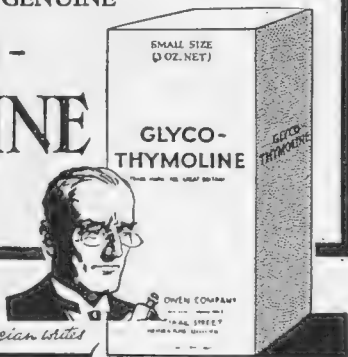
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*The Prescription Your Physician writes*



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"Rubbaserfis" will be the Court of the future. Leading players have tested it. They are enthusiastic.

You will be. Such wonderful response to your every shot, such "springiness," is a thrilling experience. Firmer foothold, too, gives greater confidence.

Wonderful porosity. Rain simply sinks in and disappears as fast as it falls. Rain stops, play starts. And a "Rubbaserfis" costs nothing for upkeep. Needs no attention, not even rolling.

Come and play upon this new Court at the Gazeway. Phone: Kingston 3000 for a car to meet you.

Full particulars by post on request.

**GAZES RUBBASERFIS HARD GREEN & RED COURTS**

Gazes also construct Bowling Greens, Sports Grounds, Recreation Grounds and Gardens and supply Wire Surrounds, Fencing, Watering Systems and equipment.

**FAMOUS DAVIS CUP PLAYER SAYS 100% BETTER**

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**"Always in Perfect Health"**



Photo by Sasha

**MISS FAY COMPTON,**

the talented and beautiful young actress, now playing a leading part in "Virtue for Sale" on Tour, writes:—

"AN actress's life is not only walking on to the stage in the most attractive frocks and attractive surroundings. What the public does not think of is weeks of strenuous and nerve-racking rehearsals, often followed up by a part in the preliminary touring company, necessitating journeys from town to town throughout the entire country. In fact, one has always to be in perfect health, which I luckily am, thanks in no small way to Phosferine Brand Tonic, the Greatest of all Tonics."

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE BRAND TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is given to the children with equally good results.*

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BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. **PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT.**—The New Tonic Fruit Saline. **Supersedes all old-fashioned salts—It Tones as it Cleanses!**

Aldough

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

Meetings of the Finance, Show, and Executive Committees were held on January 20, presided over respectively by Lady Faudel-Phillips, chairman of the Finance Committee; Lady Howe, chairman of the Show Committee; and Lady Kathleen Pilkington, chairman of the Executive Committee. The financial statement for the year was passed and much business in connection with the Open Show transacted. Our members will have their usual privileges at Cruft's Show—reserved tables in the grill-room for members for lunch on February 12, and the sole use of No. 2 dining-room after lunch on the 12th and all day on the 13th. This latter privilege is much appreciated by all, and it is indeed a rest after the turmoil and hustle of this big Show to have a quiet room to sit in and to dine in on the first day. Many members have said it is

worth while belonging to the L.K.A. for this alone. I need not remind members that they must wear their badges. At the risk of repeating myself, I must again mention that the annual general meeting will be held at the Agricultural Hall on Thursday, February 13, at ten o'clock. The hour is fixed early to enable members to attend before the judging begins. It is earnestly hoped that all members who are at Cruft's will make a point of attending, and that anyone who has any suggestions to make will do so. The committee are always most anxious to hear any suggestions from members.

Miss Little, whose poms appeared in the last issue of these notes, has a very nice pom lady she wishes to sell. The lady is eighteen months old, very small,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lb., orange-coloured, over distemper, and house-trained. Miss



JOHN OF GARSTON  
The property of Miss Graham Weall

Little says: "She has a very nice disposition, and does not 'yap'"—occasionally a drawback in a pom.

The poodle is a dog proverbial for its intelligence. Many are the stories of the reasoning powers of poodles, but it is not so well known that they make excellent gun-dogs and are very easy to train. Miss Graham Weall has some poodle pups for sale of a large variety, three months old, blacks and also the parchment-coloured ones. She will sell the blacks quite cheaply. She also has a good ten-month-old poodle who can win. Miss Graham Weall sends a photograph of the father of the pups, John of Garston. She says: "Quite the cleverest dog we've ever had."

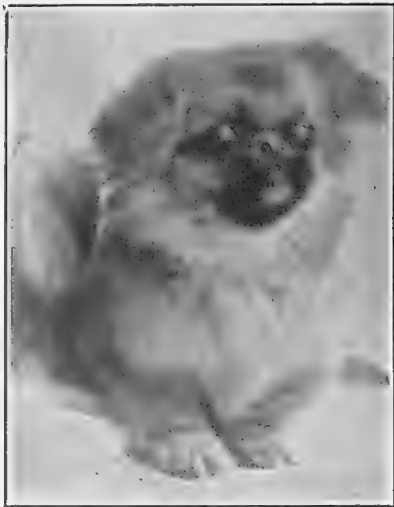
There is a great attraction about the Oriental breeds of spaniels. They have such attractive ways and a character all their own. Japs are never a common breed,

so it is all the more interesting to see the photograph of Mrs. Hope's Jap, Oriental Diana. She is a lovely little thing, and well marked. Mrs. Hope has two bitch puppies of this somewhat rare breed for sale, very well bred and well marked; also some Pekingese pups. The lady whose photograph is given weighs  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lb. at five months. Mrs. Hope had intended to try her out herself, but owing to the serious and prolonged illness of her husband is reluctantly compelled to part with her and her two small red brothers, as well as the Japs. All these puppies and their parents are house-bred and reared, therefore they have certain characteristics which one does not always find in kennel-bred ones. They are perfectly healthy and have the run of a garden, and have never been coddled.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



JAPANESE  
The property of Mrs. Hope



PEKINGESE PUP  
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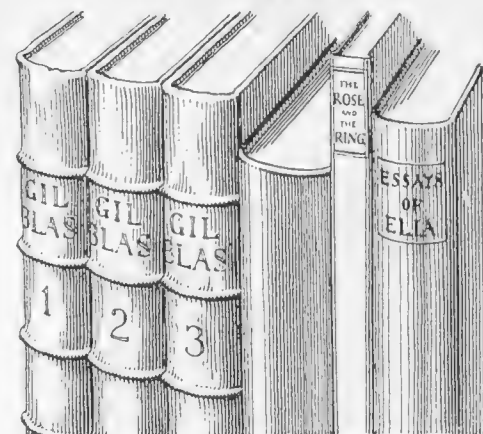
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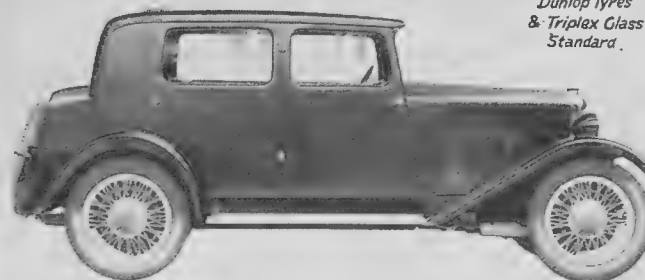
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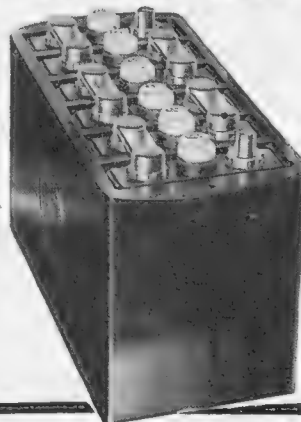
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## Motor Notes and News.

At the Cannes Rally and the Concours de l'Élégance, held on January 2, a Cadillac car fitted with one of the famous Van den Plas bodies from Brussels scored another success by winning the third prize. This car is the property of Mr. E. S. Lendrum, a partner in the firm of



ANOTHER CADILLAC SUCCESS

Mrs. Lendrum with the Cadillac car which won the third prize at the Cannes Rally and the Concours de l'Élégance

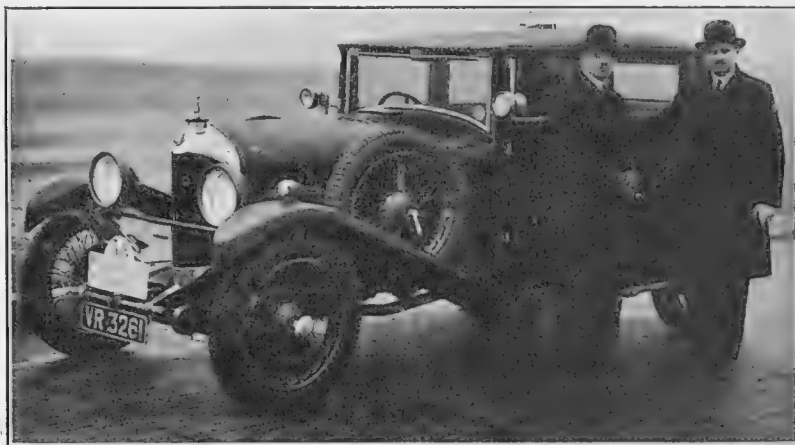
Lendrum and Hartman, Ltd., who are the Cadillac distributors for the London area, and this follows on the winning of the first prize at Ostend by Captain F. W. Hartman, also with a Cadillac. In addition to the third prize of 8,000 francs, a handsome silver cup, the award for the car having travelled the longest distance, namely, from London, was gained. Mrs. Lendrum is shown in the photograph standing by the car. In a competition like this, to which all the famous coachbuilders send their latest products, marks are given not only for general appearance and beauty of line, but for comfort, utility, and finish. On the Cadillac chassis, which is fast establishing international fame, a very fine saloon landaulette body was mounted. This was finished in the old "coaching straw" colour with black mouldings, and this very pleasing colour combination helped largely to score this success.

Mr. J. L. Finigan of Liverpool has entered a 2-litre Crossley in the Monte Carlo Rally. The car is a standard Crossley 2-litre fabric sports saloon. Mr. Finigan will start from John o' Groats. This will be the fourth year in succession he has participated in the Rally. Last year, starting from John o' Groats, he was the only competitor attempting the full average speed to reach Monaco. During the journey he encountered a belt of fog which stretched from Perth in Scotland to Avignon.

### PETROL VAPOUR—continued.

Singers go Before.

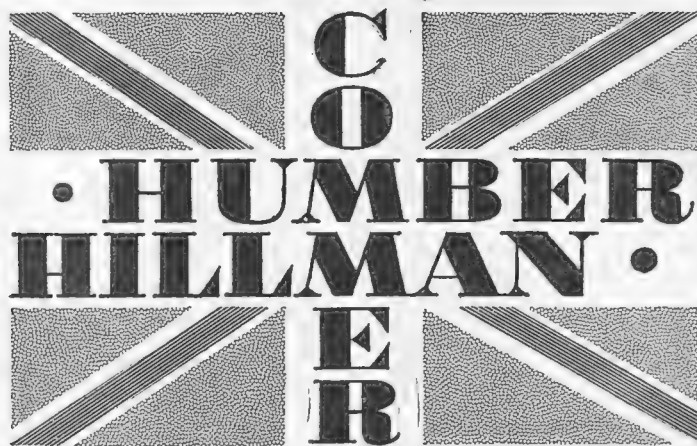
Another function last week that drew a big crowd was the opening of the new Singer headquarters in Piccadilly, at the corner of Stratton Street and facing the Green Park. A worthy and beautiful home for one of Britain's best products in the value-for-money line. As a pal o' mine remarked, "What with Rootes, and Henlys, and Car Mart, this part of Piccadilly is becoming a veritable Roo d'Oughtermobile." And why not? It is good to see the march of commerce in the westerly direction. By-and-by there will be motor showrooms out Chiswick way, and a very excellent influence that should have upon traffic congestion.



THE 2-LITRE CROSSLEY SPORTS SALOON

Entered by Mr. J. L. Finigan in the Monte Carlo Rally. Mr. Finigan, on left, with Mr. F. H. Peer, Crossley's sales manager, on right

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The 20 h.p. Special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught Enclosed Landauette. £895 complete Car, including self-changing 4-speed gearbox.

What a wise choice of car this is, this 20 h.p. special Armstrong Siddeley with Connaught enclosed landauette. A car of sound and sensible qualities, suitable for all occasions, whether for touring work or use in congested city traffic. Within, seating accommodation provides for two persons on the enclosed driving

seat, three on the main back seat, and two more on occasional seats which fold neatly away out of sight into the division behind the driver. This comfortable and distinguished car may be had for the truly moderate price of £895, including self-changing four-speed gearbox. *Special enclosed limousine at similar price.*

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## THIS IS AN ART THAT DOES MEND NATURE

## The Limits of Age Disregarded.

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that Elizabeth Arden, 25, Old Bond Street, W., has created preparations and treatments that really do set back the limits of age. Her clients may not be faultlessly beautiful or possess classic features, but they possess something better than mere beauty, they are endowed with wonderful *joie de vivre* and charm that can only be achieved by taking thought of the skin and the health in general. She has created exercises, baths, and treatments, all of exalted merit. She emphasises the fact that the skin is like a rare flower, needing constant care and attention if it is to bloom with the wonderful beauty that Nature intended. Not only must the skin of the face, neck, and arms be considered, but that of the entire body. Every pore must be kept healthy so that it may throw off impurities. All who wish to know about the good work that her scientific Venetian preparations perform must write for the interesting brochure, which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. A few words must be said about the skin tonic, as it tones, firms, and whitens the skin, and overcomes that uncomfortable flushed feeling that is so often the portion of women when entering a warm room after exposure to the inclemencies of the weather. It stimulates circulation and clears the skin.

## A New Pack Treatment.

Superfluous tissue is very unsightly, and has a very bad influence on the internal organs, and it is for sufferers from the same that Elizabeth Arden has perfected her Pack treatment; it is also strongly to be recommended to women

whose muscles are stiff or have a rheumatic tendency, as it persuades uric acid to leave the system. The reduction in weight at one treatment varies from 4 oz. to 3 lb. An ever-truthful weighing machine proclaimed the fact that I had lost the latter amount.

## A Non-technical Description.

A non-technical description of the Pack treatment cannot fail to be of interest. The patient reclines in a delightful lounge

covered with what looks like waxen sheets, which are waterproof (new, not washed ones, are used for each patient); then over the entire figure with the exception of the head, a warm liquid that has the appearance of water is poured; in a few minutes the figure looks like a mummy, for the lotion has hardened and has formed a cake over the skin. Turkish wraps and blankets then are placed over the bed, and a delightful feeling of *joie de vivre* and rest makes itself felt.

## Like Dewdrops.

A few minutes elapses and then a sensation of dewdrops on the skin is felt—it is totally different from the unpleasant effect of moisture engendered by ordinary perspiration. This continues for about half an hour, then the coating falls away from the figure, and a shower-bath, not too hot or too cold, is given; it is like rain on a summer morning; a few minutes' respite is allowed, and then comes a scientifically correct massage with creams and lotions, which makes one wish that this could be one's daily portion.

## Make Women Beautiful and Well.

Elizabeth Arden regards her exercises for health and beauty as one of her most important accomplishments. They comprise a splendid series of movements that stimulate circulation and firm and proportion the body. There are certain ones for the stout woman, for she declares that it is quite unnecessary to carry a single pound of superfluous flesh. Another point to which she draws attention is that a woman very much below her normal weight is at a disadvantage as far as continuing to look young is concerned; there are exercises for her too.

M. E. B.



AN ELIZABETH ARDEN BEAUTY BOX

Which was presented to H.R.H. Princess Marie José on the occasion of her marriage to the Crown Prince of Italy by Les Petites Abeilles (a society for the protection of children). It was supplied by the well-known fashion-house of Hirsch et Cie, Brussels

And he thought  
he was getting  
old

Since John made the decision of his life and sent for a "Liberty" Health Belt, he has gained a new lease of life. Two weeks ago, he would remark, "I must be getting old." And a glance at his waistline... easily growing tired... shortness of breath... indicated the reasons for his flagging energy.

Now he is as lively as a cricket at eleven at night. Social rounds are a pleasure. Because with digestion and heart rhythm unhampered, an exhilarating sense of buoyancy and a well-knit figure (for the "Liberty" has reduced him by no less than five inches), he is literally rejuvenated. He now thinks and acts in terms of thrilling sets of singles... 18 holes... invigorating days in the hunting field, tramps across country and always fresh and ready for more.

Worn and praised in The Services, by Doctors, Business Men and Physical Culturists, etc.

PRICES (Post Free), Cheque or P.O. with order.

For Average Abdominal Development:  
W.20 White Coutil, Depth at front 8 ins. ... 16/-  
B.30 Black Satin " " " 8 ins. ... 28/-

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W.40 White Coutil, Depth at front 10½ ins. ... 20/-

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Fully Guaranteed.

Above prices for waist sizes 28 to 44 ins. Over 44 ins., 2/6 extra per belt. (To take size, measure one inch below waistline.)

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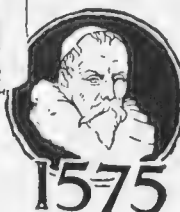


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isn't it? Aroma, too  
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that's a marvellous  
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They cost a little more, but the wise housewife knows that "DELLEX TABLE MATS" will wash and wear for years, making them the most economical Table Mat extant. Hot plates cannot stick to them, a frequent annoyance with mats covered with American cloth or similar material.

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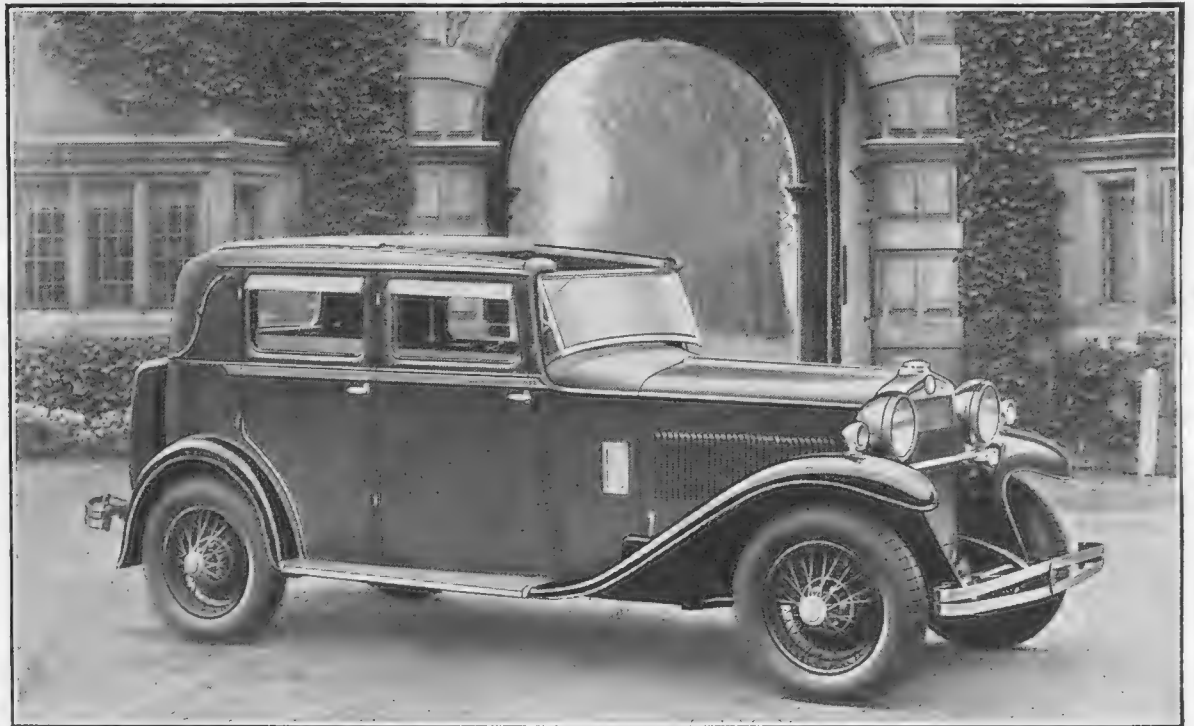
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A real Sportsman's Saloon this! A beautiful, luxurious English-built body on Fiat's super speed chassis—the 20/70 Six with super-compressed turbulent cylinder head, dual carburettor, controllable hot spot, special gear ratios, etc., the extreme of motoring efficiency. And its luxury! The newest sliding roof; Triplex windscreen; separate adjustable front seats; softest of long-wearing leather upholstery; chromium plating—every refinement you could desire at the extraordinary price of £575 complete.

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If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, please write for name of nearest agent to:—  
J. & W. HARDIE, EDINBURGH.

## Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for your help and sympathy for two poor ladies whose little house was damaged during one of the worst gales last month, when a chimney-stack blew down wrecking their kitchen and one bedroom. A tragedy indeed! For they live by letting rooms in a small but popular South Coast resort, and their one possibility of maintenance has been swept away for three months. They are elderly sisters, one is very delicate and subject to epileptic fits, while the other sister is hardly strong enough to take a strenuous post. Their old mother is in a mental home, her small income being just sufficient to pay the fees. After having paid rent and rates, the sisters have £27 a year to live on, so at the best of times life is a struggle. It all seems very hard as a guest is waiting to come, and their little home is so neat and attractive. Scrupulously honest they would literally rather starve than fall into debt, and they have saved sufficient for their quarter's rent. We earnestly appeal for £10 to give them food and necessities for three months; please will you send contributions towards this sum?

Among the records issued by the Decca Company for February are two that will delight children of all ages. They are songs from *The Hums of Pooh*, from poems by A. A. Milne, and music by Fraser-Simson, and are sung by Dale Smith. These two records are really delightful, and should be acquired for every nursery. They are 3s. each, and extremely good value. That delightful air, "Una Voce," from *The Barber of Seville* is given this month by Olga Olgina on a 3s. record. Among the light records are "In Egypt" and "So the Bluebirds and the Blackbirds," sung by those two favourites, Gwen Farrar and Billy Mayerl; "Bunkey-doodle-i-doh" and "Maggie's Cold," by George Buck; "The Cosmopolis that is to be" and "Motoring History," by the well-known wireless comedian, Stainless Stephen; "Doctor

Duff" and "I'm Marching Home to You," by another comedian, Scott Sanders. The dance records include "Tip-toe through the Tulips with me" and "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine"; "If I had a Talking Picture of You," and "I'll be Getting Along"; "Miss Wonderful" and "Piccolo Pete"; "Down on Jollity Farm" and "I may be Wrong, but I think you're Wonderful." All these are played by Ambrose and his Orchestra.



AT A COTTESMORE MEET

A group at Exton Park Oaks which Sir Victor Warrender has leased from Lord Gainsborough. The names are: Master Henry Wyndham, Lady Anne and Lady Frances Cole, two of Lord and Lady Enniskillen's daughters, and Mr David Mure

The Columbia Company have just recorded Tschaikowsky's famous "No. 4 Symphony" on five records, with William Mengelbert conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Other February records are "Tarantelle" (Popper) and "Adagietto" (Bizet), played by W. H. Squire, the famous 'cellist; Ivar Andresen, the German bass, sings "Tom Der Reimer," which is in two parts; another good vocal record is "Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds," and "See the Heavens Smile" (both from Purcell's *The Tempest*), sung by Norman Allin; two violin records are "Hungarian Dance No. 8" (Brahms-Joachim), with "Souvenir" on the reverse side, played by Yelli d'Aranyi, and "From the Canbrake" and "Estrellita," played by Albert Sammons; Albert Sandler and his Orchestra from the Park Lane Hotel contribute "Salut D'Amour" (Elgar) and "For You Alone" (Geehl); two charming little songs are "Best of All" and "Mary, My Mary," both sung by Hubert Eisdell, tenor; Raymond Newell sings "Little Grey Church on the Hill" and "Jus' Keepin' On," with chorus and orchestra; lovers of Bach will enjoy the records made by the orchestra of the Brussels Royal Conservatoire, conducted by Desire Defauw—"Suite in D Major," "Aria," "Gavotte," "Bouree and Gigue."

## A Correction.

It was erroneously stated in THE TATLER for January 22 that the baby born to the Marchioness of Queensberry a short time ago was a little girl. The new arrival is a boy, and Lady Queensberry's family now consists of one daughter and one son. We offer our apologies for the mistake.

"Dry Madeira"

is  
THE best  
Appetiser.

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BE FASHIONABLE.

Your Grandfathers drank it.

DRINK "MADEIRA"

THEY knew what was good.

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is incomplete  
without a glass  
of MADEIRA  
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in easy reach of  
four Golf courses.

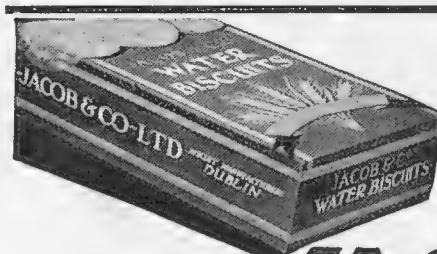
Princes Hotel  
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WATER BISCUITS

2/-  
PER TIN

Packed in a tin you can use on the table  
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loose or in half pound packets.

# Every year more people spend February at Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House

**T**HE Palace is also Britain's All-the-year-round Hotel. Last February, for instance, there were as many visitors as in July. And isn't February just the time to take a holiday—just the time to take the sting out of Winter's tail—just the time to appreciate the mildness of Torquay's climate, the promise of Devonshire's

Spring and the glorious sunshine of the English Riviera?

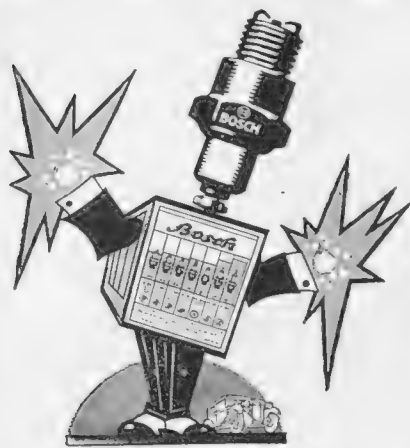
Most people stay at the Palace nowadays. Golf, tennis, squash, badminton, swimming, dancing, cinema and entertainments are all included in the terms. In the new wing, bedrooms have private bathrooms. ★ Book for February now.

★ Golfers should write at once for details of February's GREAT GOLF EVENT on the Palace course in which world-famous professionals will compete. Accommodation will be limited.

## The Palace Hotel Torquay

Telephone :  
2271 Torquay  
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Hot and cold running  
water in all bedrooms.  
Central heating through-  
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\* Mention type of Car, h.p., etc., and get specific advice

**YOUR CAR WILL BE BETTER FOR BOSCH**

# GRANT'S

"BEST PROCURABLE"

## Absolutely!

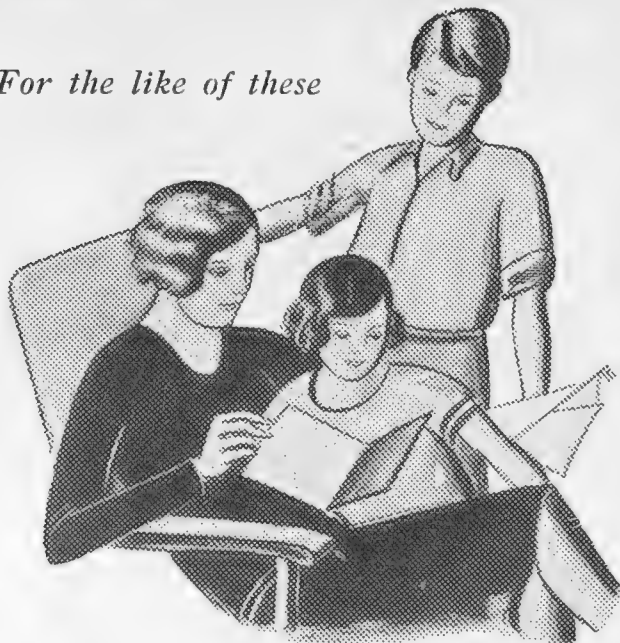


The Hall Mark of Quality.

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,  
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet  
Distilleries, DUFFTOWN,  
82, Gordon Street, GLASGOW.  
98, Gt. Tower Street, LONDON, E.C.3  
London Agents  
for Grant's "Liquor" Scotch:  
Messrs. HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,  
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,  
153, Regent Street, W.1.



For the like of these



## To Advertising People only!

These few words are a little bit more "shop." But for once in a way the "shop" is not about the people who are doing this, that and the other campaign and making such a mark with it—or (as you were saying at lunch) such a mess of it. The "shop" this time is about the people who aren't in any limelight at all, but have crept into a corner somewhere—hurt by something that has happened. Advertising people, in the agencies and the offices, who have for the moment been downed by something—perhaps an illness; perhaps a death!

The N.A.B.S. takes these people under its wing. The calls on the N.A.B.S. are getting more numerous every year. They are bound to—aren't they?—as advertising grows.

You are engaged in advertising. Are you helping the N.A.B.S.? Charity begins at home. But widen the circle of charity an inch, and surely the people with the next and nearest claim are the people of your own guild—those whose way is your way but their fortune not so happy as yours. With aged pensioners, with widows and the fatherless looking to it, the N.A.B.S. looks to you. For just a little! For what you can afford! Shall it look in vain?

*The Annual Festival will be held at the Connaught Rooms on March 28th, when H.R.H. Prince George has graciously promised to speak. Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., will preside. The demand for tickets (12/6) is sure to be big, so early application is urged.*

# N · A · B · S

NATIONAL ADVERTISING BENEVOLENT SOCIETY  
(Registered under the Friendly Societies Act, 1896)

13, Sergeants Inn, Fleet Street, E.C.4

## LONDON CINEMAS.

**REGAL** "GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY"  
MARBLE ARCH  
Padd. 9911  
SIXTH WEEK  
100% COLOUR  
TALKING, SINGING & DANCING

**STOLL, KINGSWAY.**  
DAILY from 12.30 (SUNDAYS from 6.0) Entire Week Commencing February 3rd.  
TALKING! SINGING! DANCING!  
"INNOCENTS OF PARIS," featuring MAURICE CHEVALIER;  
A Silent Romantic "CHILDREN OF THE RITZ,"  
Comedy-Drama starring DOROTHY MACKAILL and JACK MULHALL;  
BRITISH MOVIE TONE NEWS.

## LIST OF HOTELS.

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS  
**ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**

Try this hotel with its warmth, modern appointments and fine apartments—on a coast that enjoys the sunniest and most equable climate in England. Real comfort and quiet awaits you. Electric lift, private suites, central and electric heating, large public rooms, famous chef, first-class cuisine and vintage wines. Write for illustrated booklet. Inclusive terms from 4½ Gns.

TORQUAY **VICTORIA & ALBERT**  
FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL  
Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra. Reduced Winter Terms.

BEAULIEU-S-MER (Between Nice and Monte Carlo)  
**BEDFORD & SAVOY HOTELS**  
Latest Comfort. Full South. On the Sea. Suites and Rooms with Pension.  
TENNIS - GARAGE - PARK 3 ACRES - CASINO

**NICE.—HERMITAGE HOTEL.**  
FINEST VIEW IN NICE.

'Phone: Byfleet 274 **Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S**  
AIREDALES (for house protection), WIRE AND SMOOTH FOX,  
CAIRNS, WEST HIGHLAND, SEALYHAMS, ABERDEENS (Scotch),  
COCKERS (all colours).  
On View Daily, or seen London.  
LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S  
Products, 40 years experience.  
Special Food 1/-; Skin Cure 2/-;  
Shampoo 2/-; Stores, or post 3d.  
CLOCK HOUSE, BYFLEET  
Surrey (Station: Weybridge).

**OBESITY**  
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS  
quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight, at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—  
**MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Road, Leicester.**  
Box 89

Let the "Great Eight" Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVF," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII<sup>e</sup>, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

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The only Modern Scientific Method for permanent cure. Harmless, painless. System awarded Grand Prix, Paris: Médaille d'Or, Liège. Inquiries given courteous attention. **PERMADIL LTD.**, 12a, NORTH END RD., N.W.11 'Phone: Speedwell 6600.

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(REG. TRADE MARK)  
INHALANT

**Never Neglect a Cold**

At the first sign of stuffiness, the first dry feeling at the back of the throat, put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour. It becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You feel it coursing through the air passages of the nose and throat, searching out the germs and relieving the congestion.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

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Model Millinery Department,  
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NATURAL HEMP AND  
NAVY FELT HAT,  
a copy of an Alphonsine  
model. Made in any  
head size.  
Price 4½ gns.



A COPY OF A FRENCH MODEL,  
suitable for the South,  
in black baku straw  
edged felt. Can be made  
in any colours.

A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF  
ONE OF THE NEW MODELS,  
in natural hemp trimmed  
felt. Can be made in any  
size and colour.

Price 4½ gns.



ATTRACTIVE HAT,  
in black cellophane  
straw trimmed  
petersham.

Price 6½ gns.



**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1



By Appointment.

**WALPOLES**  
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.

89-91, NEW BOND ST. LONDON, W.1  
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH ST.,  
LONDON, W.8  
175-176, SLOANE ST. LONDON, S.W.1

Established 1766.

## NEW TAILORED SHIRT

in British-made silk of high  
quality, finished with elastic  
at waist. A typical example  
of the cut, finish and value for  
which Walpoles are famous.  
In a variety of new colours.

**45/9**

Post Free in British Isles.

## YOUR TROPICAL OUTFIT

should not be completed before you have  
visited our showrooms. There you will see  
a charming selection of smartly-cut frocks  
just suitable for warm climates at very  
moderate prices.



TE 46

If inconvenient to call, we shall  
be pleased to send illustrations  
upon receipt of particulars of  
your requirements.

THE

## "CORSLO SOIRÉE"

FOR THE NEW GOWNS

Small and Medium Figures.

The "Corslo Soirée" has  
been especially designed for  
small and medium figures, to  
meet the requirements of the  
new waistline. Absolutely  
boneless, the material is skill-  
fully cut to uplift and at the  
same time support the bust.  
The elastic panels give a slim-  
ming line over the hips, and  
it is held in position by two  
sets of suspenders; hook-and-  
eye fastening at left side.

THE "CORSLO SOIRÉE"  
in washable cotton tricot,  
boneless, two sets of suspen-  
ders. In pink and white.  
Measurements required:  
Bust, Waist and Hips.

Price **73/6**

In ajouré ... 4 Gns.  
In silk tricot ... 7 Gns.

**Debenham  
& Freebody.**  
Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1



The "Corslo"  
Novelties are  
obtainable only  
from Debenham  
& Freebody.

Sent on approval.

# NETTA

## Knitwear

NETTA Knitted Suits are so cosy, smart and comfortable. Fully fashioned and woven in soft pure Botany Wool they will wash or clean perfectly. Most models can be made to special measurements for a small additional cost.



Model C. 229

The multi-coloured embroidery on the jumper of this two-colour suit gives a unique finish to an inexpensive garment.

COLOURS: Beige/Lido, Fawn/Wine, Putty/Almond, Chartreuse/Navy, Salmon/Black and Beige/Navy.

SIZES: S.W. and W.

42/6

Also O.S. 5/6 extra.

O.S. COLOURS: Beige/Lido, Fawn/Navy, Fawn/Wine and Fawn/Almond.

CALL OR WRITE for Knitwear Catalogue C.14 of Three-piece and Jumper Suits. Also Afternoon and Evening Frocks.

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Most careful attention is given to Post Orders. Any garment will be sent on approval, post free, on receipt of remittance. Money refunded in full if not absolutely satisfied.

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(Four doors from corner of Buckingham Palace Road)

LONDON, S.W. 1

\*Phone: Victoria 1976 (2 lines).

BRANCH:

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(Flynn's)



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Luxuriously warm — distinctively tailored yet economically priced, this coat is just what the traveller needs and appreciates. It is but one of the many styles in the immense range displayed at Moss Bros.—where a man can be sure of securing all his travelling kit at a great saving of time and expense.

Travelling Coats from 6 to 10 gns.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

# MOSS BROS & CO LTD

Naval, Military, R.A.F. and General Outfitters.

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**COVENT-GARDEN**  
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without tiring exercises, expensive appliances, or dieting by using the simple RODIOD treatment, which positively removes superfluous fat, in a way that must be experienced to be believed. RODIOD only removes unwanted fat and does not reduce the whole body. You eat what you like, and you leave roundness where desired

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Special 4 weeks' treatment as recommended sent post free 17/6 Test Sample giving full seven days' treatment, post free 5/3

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Three sizes: 25/- net, 42/- net, 52/6 net.

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Have your gowns made for you individually. The cost is no more and generally less than that of mass-produced, shoddy ready-made garments.

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For 4½ Gns.

Fur and linings extra.

Estimates, suggestions and sketches free upon receipt of material or gowns.

The Tatler says: A problem with which many are confronted is what to do with expensive clothes that are out-of-date but still perfectly good. The solution is let Lilla convert them. It is genuine economy that will appeal to all women.

No. 411

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "B"

# LILLA

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\*Phone: Vic. 7751.



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## A February Tailoring Offer

During February

## THRESHERS

are making their exclusive tailored

## COATS & SKIRTS

in the new Spring materials

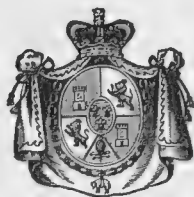
at 10½ guineas

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• Patterns on request.

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THE KING OF SPAIN

# SAFEGUARD BABY'S HEALTH

Pre-eminent for OVER FIFTY YEARS, Hitchings' Baby Carriages still lead the World. Hygienically and mechanically, they safeguard precious infant health, and owing to the satisfaction which they give and to their lasting qualities, they are in the long run, the cheapest carriages you can buy.



*"The Princess Elizabeth" Car. The Car that grows with Baby*

Babyhood demands not only the best of food and clothing, but also the best of carriages. The immeasurable superiority of Hitchings' Baby Carriages is explained in their interesting catalogue No. 59, which they will be pleased to forward upon application, and which every Mother, in the interests of her child should read.

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**Advanced Selection of early Spring Materials and Novelties**

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£9.9.0

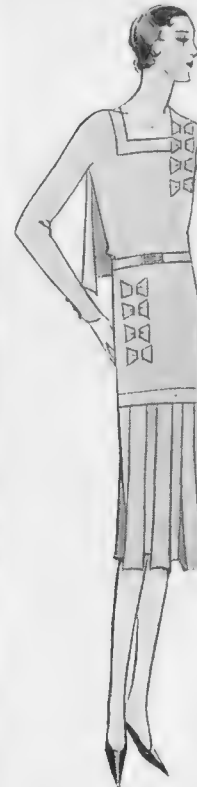


If not able to call, write for my S.M. Form with patterns. Mr. Sme will give same personal attention. Mrs. J. writes: "I am quite satisfied—keep measurements for future orders."

Only Address—  
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**4½ Gns.**

The above model, price **5½ Gns.**, can be sent on approval, but inspection at **AREV, 1, Sloane Street,** is well worth while.

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February 12th and 13th  
THE "DOG DAYS" OF 1930  
JUDGING EACH DAY  
The Racing Greyhounds  
The Dogs are fed on Spratt's Dog Cakes

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Try this  
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One Trial Convinces  
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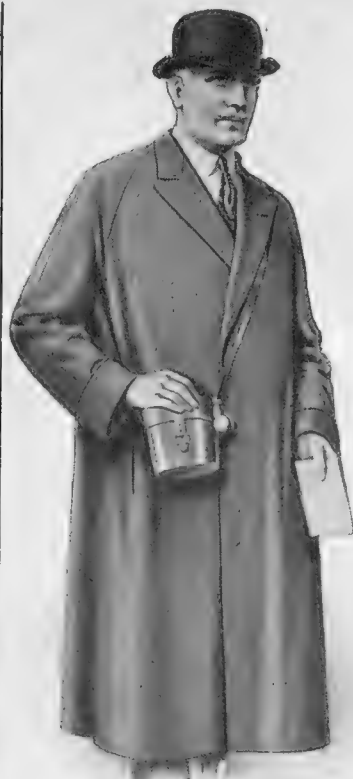
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Cloth, Square Corners, from 1/6 net.  
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The "Park"



BY APPOINTMENT  
to His Majesty the King and  
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to-day, to-morrow  
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**A**QUASCUTUM Coats  
are designed to meet  
the needs of modern  
movement, the business needs  
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all-time uncertainty of the  
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sions . . . an "Aquascutum"  
for quality, reliability and  
economy.

'Scutum all-wool weather-  
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Waterproof "Field" Coats  
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Please write for Folder "A"

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Tailors and Overcoat  
Specialists since 1851

100 Regent Street and 113 Piccadilly  
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**SPECIALISTS**  
in the  
**SMARTEST**  
**CLOTHES**  
for  
**Town or Country**  
**Wear**

**Tweed Stockinette**  
**Ensemble** with smart well-  
fitting three-quarter length coat,  
skirt has shaped yoke with  
pockets, pleats back and front  
as sketch. Tuck-in Jumper of  
crêpe-de-chine with stitched  
fronts and buttons to match  
suit.

PRICE

**10½ Gns.**



WONDERFUL VALUE IN  
**TAILORED**  
**WAISTS**  
FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

Perfectly cut and tailored  
and made from washing  
crêpe de Chine Shirting,  
which can be thoroughly  
recommended to give every  
satisfaction in wear.

**SPORTS SHIRT WAISTS** suitable  
for outside figures, in washing crêpe  
de Chine Shirting, adaptable collar;  
can be worn inside skirt; fine  
stitching throughout. In ivory,  
powder blue, beige, primrose and  
other colours. Size 13 to 14½ ins.

PRICE

**29/6**

In outside 35/9

Catalogue post free.

**Debenham**  
**& Freebody.**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square), London, W.1

Sent on Approval.

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EXCLUSIVE  
AND  
SMART MODELS  
FOR  
**MATERNITY**  
**WEAR**

All Sizes in Stock, or  
Made to Measure.

M/212. ATTRACTIVE THREE-  
PIECE, specially designed for Mater-  
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Telephone: Sloane 5134 and 5135





the corset with double elastic service . . . . .

MASTERSIDE is the only corset with replaceable elastic sections, and gives you, with its two spare panels, twice the wear of an ordinary corset, coupled with perfect fitting. A closed back garment made in beautiful Floral Broché. Model 2503 (Pat. applied for 8208/29) made in sizes 23 to 36 inches, complete with two spare elastic sections, renewable in a few seconds.

**JB**  
MASTERSIDE

Sold by the best shops.  
James S. Blair & Son, 16, Fore Street,  
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A beautiful model which will last for years and always be in fashion

Although the cash price of 195 Gns. may appear an extravagance in these days of financial depression, Ladies who so desire may be the possessors of the beautiful model illustrated on payment of only £9, the balance of the account to be settled by 23 further monthly instalments of a like amount.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE  
POST FREE ON REQUEST.

All models marked at 15 %  
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**THE NATIONAL  
FUR CO., LTD**

Fur Specialists since 1878.

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The next best is not  
good enough—try—

**Bermaline**  
IDEAL WHEATEN MALT Bread

## PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION

BY THE

**Manners**

TREATMENT  
Is guaranteed to make the  
Face look 15 years younger  
in one visit.

READ WHAT A LADY DOCTOR WRITES:

Dear Madame Manners,

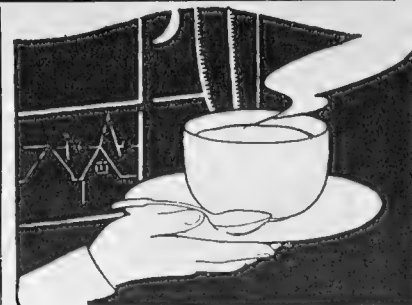
November, 1929.

I was thinking only yesterday of writing to you to thank you for improving my facial appearance. All my friends are congratulating me on looking so much younger since I had your treatment. However, now I thank you very much for all the trouble you took with me—I have already told one friend because I thought she might perhaps have something done for double chin. She is coming to you—her name is Mrs. —, and I gave her your address, so that is as much as I could do. I shall, however, whenever opportunity offers, recommend you as being very efficient in your particular branch. Will you come to have tea with me on Sunday at 3.30 . . . Yours very sincerely,

Signed "G.M." (M.B. Ch.B.).

Personal Consultation Free. Hours 10.30—6.30 'Phone: Mayfair 2293. Fees from 5 gns.  
MADAME MANNERS, 3 CONDUIT ST. (door), LONDON, W.1

f



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When digestion and nerves are deranged, Benger's Food is both soothing and satisfying. A cupful taken at bed-time is comforting and sleep inducing.

"Every case needing digestive help is a case for Benger's Food." Dr.—

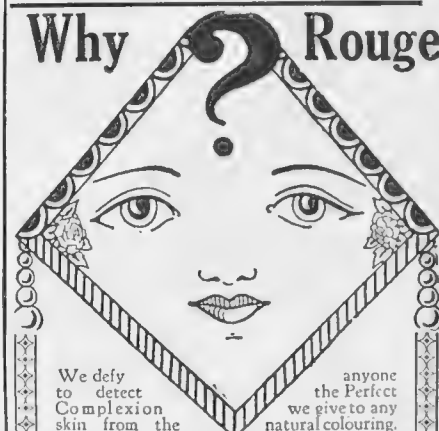


Regd. Trade Mark.

Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.

Descriptive Booklet post free  
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,  
Otter Works,  
Manchester.

## Why Rouge



We defy anyone to detect the Perfect Complexion we give to any skin from the natural colouring. The tinting is everlasting, and soaps, preparations, etc., cannot affect it, making all "make-up" entirely unnecessary. We Shade Eyes, Shape Lips, Whiten Noses, and remove all Skin Blemishes, Wrinkles, etc. giving you your natural maidenly charm again. Our treatments are the result of 25 years' experience and study, and are perfectly painless and hygienic. Think of the morning, how charming to awake and find yourself reflected beautiful and perfect.

Consultations and advice without any obligation whatever. Results can be seen.

Permanent Complexion Salons  
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Size 2 1/2 in. x 2 in. x 1 1/8 in.

By MATILDA LEES DODS

Cloth ... .. 2/- nett.

Suede Yapp ... .. 4/6 "

Of all Booksellers.

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### Old English Lavender DAY CREAM

It is more than ever necessary, with the changes of weather, with the Winter winds and the cold weather, to protect the skin. Boots Old English Lavender Day Cream is a soothing, softening application, which has the added advantage of providing at the same time a suitable base for powder.

Price 1/6 per jar. Handbag tube 6d.  
OBTAINABLE FROM

*The*  
**Boots**  
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PERFUMERS AND  
TOILET SPECIALISTS

Free copy of Old English Lavender Beauty Booklet on application to Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., Station Street, Nottingham.  
NEARLY 900 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

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1851.

Incorporated under  
Royal Charter.

## The Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

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NO LETTERS

NO PAYMENTS

The FIRST Special Hospital in London for Cancer

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of this dreadful disease.

A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

AN  
URGENT APPEAL  
IS MADE FOR

**£150,000**

FOR A NEW RADIO-LOGICAL BLOCK AND OTHER EXTENSIONS WHICH WILL ADD 80 BEDS TO THE HOSPITAL

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Pankers: Coutts & Co., 440, Strand.

J. Courtney Buchanan, Secretary.

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Size 4½ ins. by 3 ins. From 1/6 net.

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Please Order through your local Bookseller.



V.585—Attractive Hat in bankok or balli-buntal straw trimmed with narrow petersham. This Hat is made in small and medium fittings only.

Price **3½ gns.**

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Our new Spring Collection of Dainty Hand-made Lingerie is now ready for inspection, and the high reputation we hold for Exclusiveness and Finish is worthily maintained.

Model Cami - Knicker perfectly designed for evening wear, with brassière fitting bodice of beautiful ecru lace, held in place with tiny elastic. Dainty Pettiknicker of crêpe-de-chine attached at waist and trimmed attractively with lace to match. In Parchment, Pink, Ivory, Harebell Blue, Rose, Peach, Eau de Nil, Orchid, Primrose, Sky, Lime-Green, Gold and Black.

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Also in soft silk Georgette in the same large range of evening colours at the same price.



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FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR IN  
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The Jumper is something new in silk and wool in a great variety of colours.

52/6

Attractive new model Hat in hopsack with two-colour ribbon bands.

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It is an inexpensive Skirt of smart design, shows a plain wrap-over style, and is finished with fringe at left side—fringe is repeated on the slit pocket.

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for wear with Skirts,  
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TO 307

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TO 307

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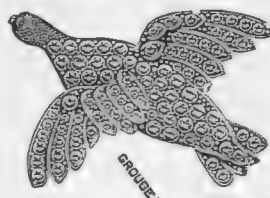
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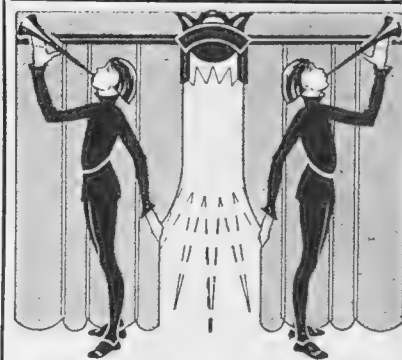
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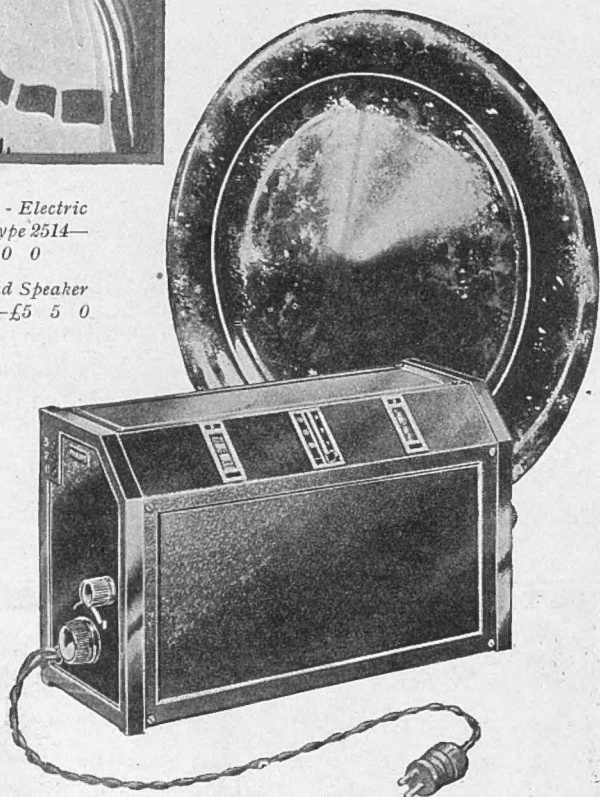




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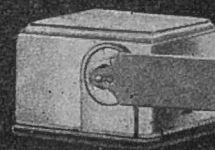
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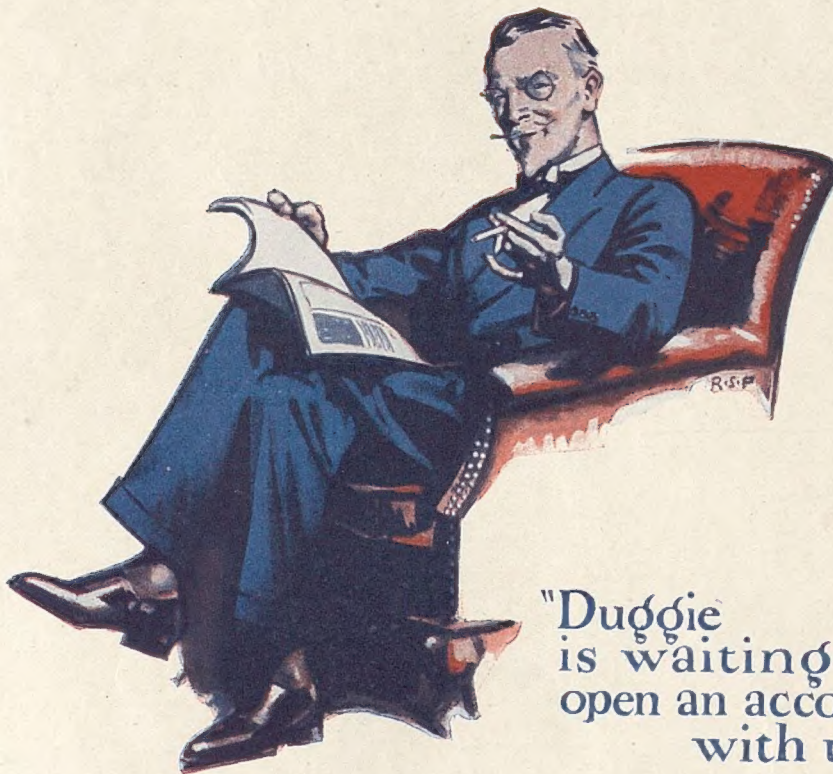
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